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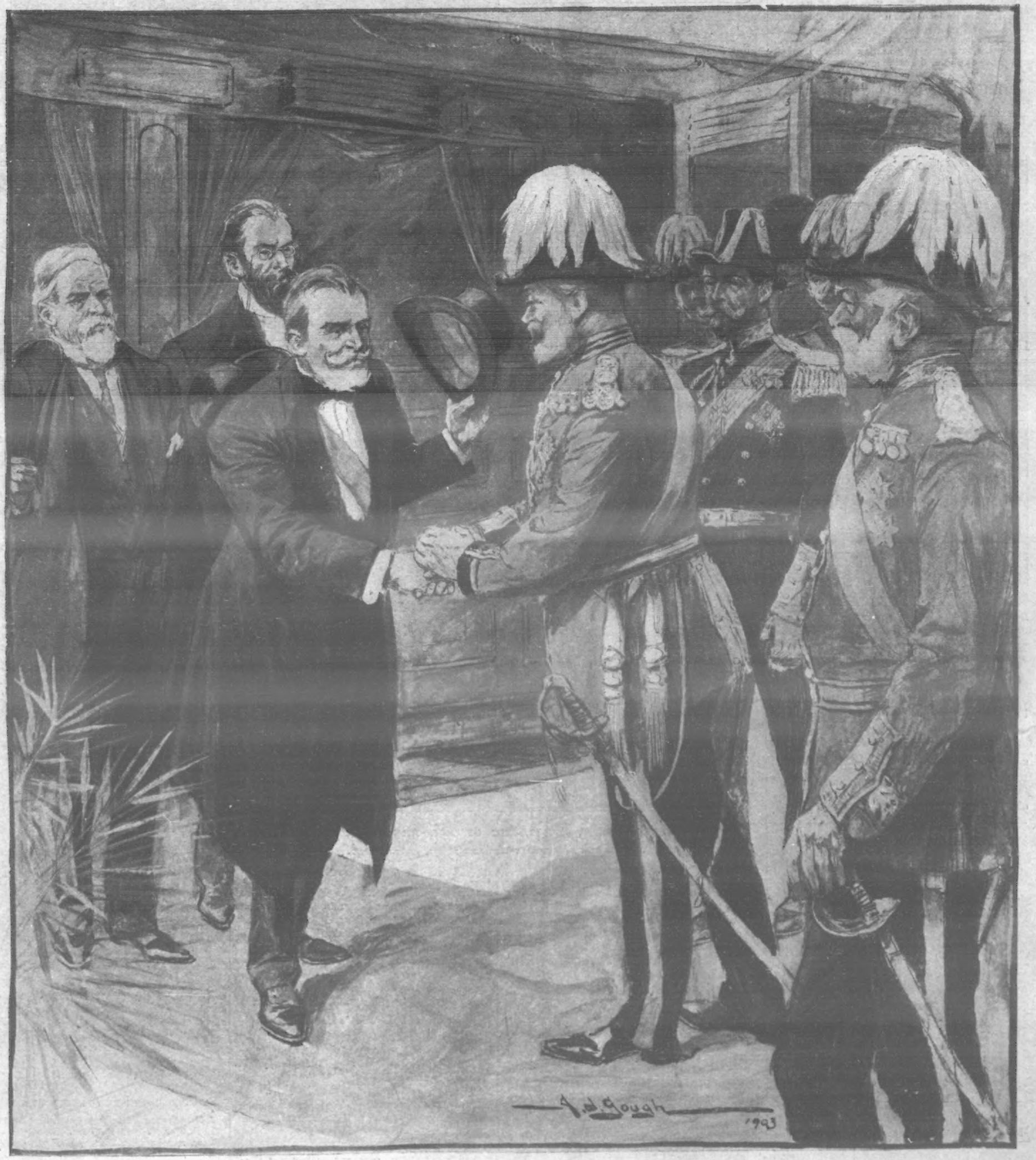
ANOTHER £50 IN PRIZES.

PICTURES OF THE MOTOR RACE.



"WELCOME TO ENGLAND!"

King Edward greeting the President of France at Victoria Station on Monday afternoon.

15 BUNS A 1D

You can make 15 large, light, delicious Buns for a total cost of 3¾d. from a 1d. packet of

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING.

Has been used over Fifty Years by Millions of Mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the GUMS, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Depend upon it, mothers, it will give rest to yourselves and

Relief and Health to your Infants.

Of all Chemists, 1s. 1½d. per bottle.

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Of all Hairdressers, 2/-, or plain sealed case, post free, 2/2.—HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London, E.C.

ANNUAL SALE, 362,000 BOTTLES.

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Many fine full-page and double-page Summer Fashion Illustrations, Stories, Fancy Work, Cookery, Interesting Articles, Useful Hints, Real Lovers' Letters, etc., etc.

A MOST INTERESTING NUMBER.

Be Sure to Order it To-Day.

"OUR HOME," 6, Essex Street, Strand, London.

Home Rupture Cure.

A Wonderful Method Which Cures All Classes of Rupture.

Mr. M. H. NORLEY.

Mr. M. H. Norley, 40, Wyndham Road, Tower Hamlets, Dover, suffered for 13 years from scrotal rupture. For the last two years it caused him so much pain he could hardly walk. He was recommended to try the method of cure originated by Dr. W. S. Rice (Dept. 1301), 8 & 9, Stonecutter Street, London, E.C., and as a result was completely cured. He never experienced the least pain from his rupture after he commenced the use of the Rice method. Write to Dr. Rice at once for his book explaining rupture and its cure and also for the sample of his method which he sends free to all. Write at once—to-day.

We regret that by an oversight the name of Messrs. Elliott and Fry was omitted in connection with the five photographs published last week of the new Peers and Baronets created on the King's birthday.

THE P.I.P.'S NEW STORY COMPETITION

STARTS TO-DAY.

Turn to page 23 and win a Big Money Prize.

£50 OFFERED.

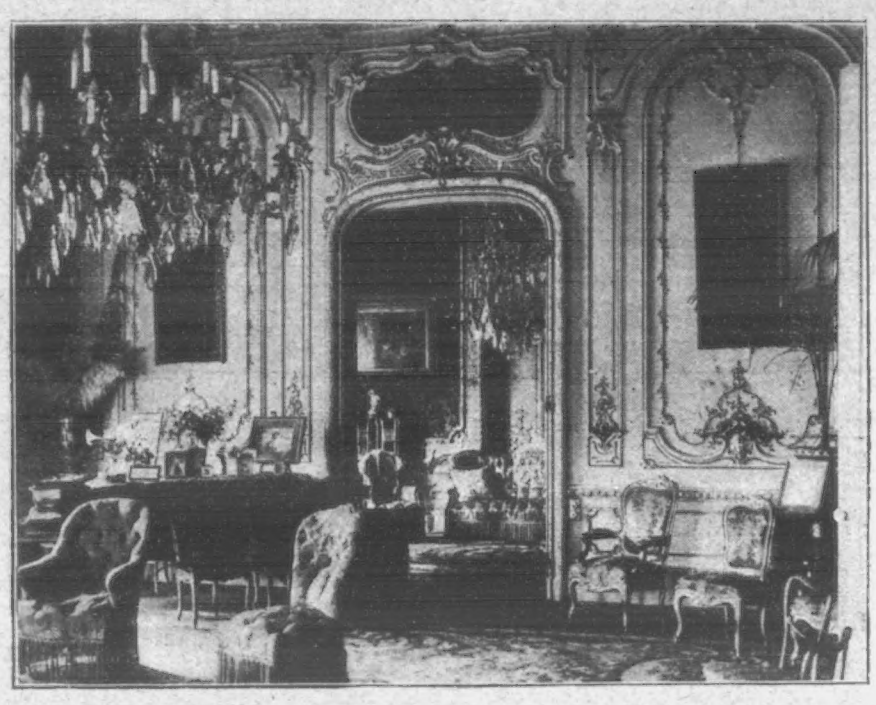
TALK OF LONDON

Our Friend, France.

KING EDWARD has welcomed President Loubet, and thereby has testified his high personal regard for the first gentleman of France. But he has done far more than that. By that cordial grip of the hand, that welcoming smile in his eyes, the King has typified the friendship which Britain feels for her nearest neighbour. There is a friendship, sincere and hearty, though superficial scoffers on both sides are for ever deriding the idea. The old contention that ancient strife has left an everlasting bitterness between the two nations has worn threadbare. We have no serious quarrel with France now. Diplomatic bickerings we have had, but then such, like lovers' tiffs, are universal. There is no deep-set root of hatred or distrust in the minds of either race. In the world of commerce and industry, around which all modern international quarrels must revolve, I question, indeed, whether any nation is more popular with us than France. National likes and dislikes are generally reflected pretty clearly in the toilers of our country. Ask any British working-man which among his rivals he most dislikes, and he will never dream of mentioning France. He will never complain that the French working-man turned blackleg, that he became a sweater's slave, or that he knowingly underbid the Englishman in the labour market. The Frenchman loves liberty too much, and therein appeals to our own national characteristics. It is the workmen of certain other nations that fill the minds of Britons with wholesome contempt—miserable, shrivelled specimens of humanity, who never hesitate, whenever they get the chance, to oust the English by working for a pittance that barely serves to keep body and soul together.

President Loubet's Reception.

That good feeling towards the French nation is general among us was proved by the splendid reception which the President obtained when, on Monday, he arrived at Victoria Station, and when, on Tuesday, he went to the Guildhall. Wherever there were people (and people were lined thickly all along the route) there were hearty cheers and universal waving of hats and handkerchiefs. As for M. Loubet, it was easy to see how pleased he was. Upon his face was not that kind of trained smile which rulers cultivate and turn on in acknowledgment of a nation's courtesies, but a genuine look of extreme pleasure. As I looked at the President seated in his carriage, it seemed to me, indeed, as if his heart was simply filled with gratification at the cordiality with



THE SALON, FRENCH EMBASSY, WHERE PRESIDENT LOUBET RECEIVED THE KING AND THE PRINCE OF WALES ON TUESDAY NIGHT.

Photo. Piron, Paris.

M. EMILE LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC,

WHO HAS BEEN SO CORDIALLY WELCOMED IN ENGLAND THIS WEEK.

THE FRENCH EMBASSY,

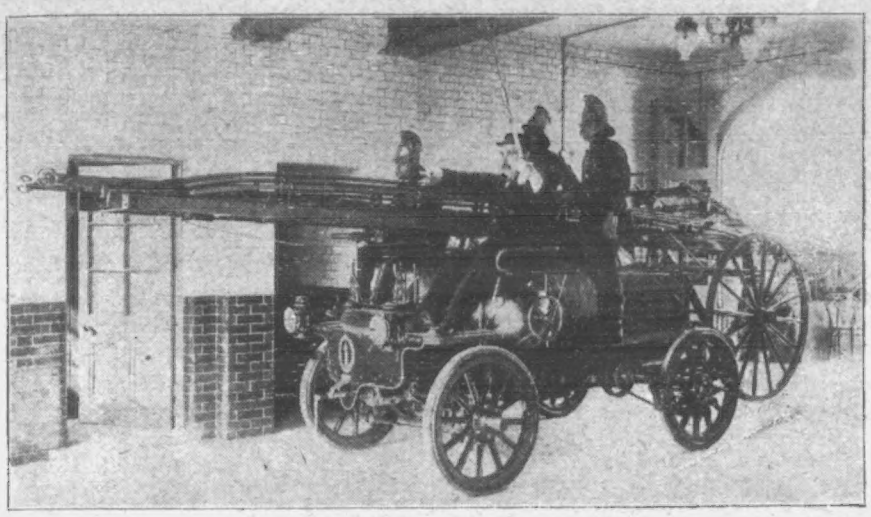
WHERE PRESIDENT LOUBET ENTERTAINED THE KING AND PRINCE OF WALES ON TUESDAY NIGHT.

TO CELEBRATE THE PRESIDENT'S VISIT.

A NEW FRENCH PAPER JUST STARTED IN LONDON IN HONOUR OF M. LOUBET'S VISIT. UPON THE FRONT PAGE MAY BE SEEN PORTRAITS OF THE KING AND QUEEN, PRESIDENT LOUBET, M. DELCASSE, AND M. CAMBON.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

PRESIDENT LOUBET: AN INTERESTING ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



SOMETHING NEW IN FIRE-ENGINES: THE TOTTENHAM COUNCIL'S COMBINED MOTOR CHEMICAL FIRE-ENGINE AND ESCAPE READY TO START.

THE DOORS OF THE STATION OPEN AUTOMATICALLY WHEN THE ROPE WHICH THE FIREMAN HOLDS IS PULLED.

which he was being received, and that, even had he tried, he could not for the life of him prevent his face from wreathing in smiles. Not that he would wish to disguise his true feelings. President Loubet is too simple-minded a man (I use the phrase in its highest and best sense) to do that. He has little of that dissimulation which so many rulers and statesmen assume at will. In short, he could see that we were genuinely pleased to see him, and he was genuinely pleased to see us. What the result of M. Loubet's visit will be it is impossible to say. It is scarcely even necessary to discuss it, since he came over here merely on a visit of courtesy. But I always have a strong

Photo. Russell.

LORD HOWE,

WHO HAS BEEN LORD-IN-WAITING TO PRESIDENT LOUBET DURING THE LATTER'S VISIT TO LONDON.

feeling that when two level-headed gentlemen like King Edward and President Loubet indulge in a little confidential chat (such as doubtless they had in the early part of the week), they may do more towards smoothing over international difficulties in ten minutes than a whole continent of Cabinets would do in ten years.

Vindicating the War Office.

Newspaper history is slowly vindicating our War Office. When the Boer War was at its height, and our officers were being picked off like rabbits by the crack shots among the enemy, loud were the cries of the military experts and others against the War Office for not having provided our soldiers with long-range rifle-practice previous to the war. "Fancy being outshot by a few farmers," quoth the experts, and forthwith launched out with fierce invective against the policy that allowed an army to practise at 700 yards and under, when actual warfare demanded proficient marksmanship at double that distance. Most of us joined in the outcry, of course. We always follow leaders in troublous times without worrying to find out whether, after all, the leader is blind or not. In this case, we all set to and blackguarded the War Office because Tommy Atkins had not had sufficient practice at long-range shooting, the experts declaring that such negligence would have meant disaster if we had been fighting a European Power. Now, lo and behold! an *Express* interviewer reveals the fact that France is even worse off than we are in facilities for long-range firing. Here is an extract from the article I refer to—

In an interview with an *Express* representative, M. Célisse, the delegate and second captain of the team representing France at Bisley, stated that the entry of the eight is quite an experiment for the Union of the Shooting Societies of France.

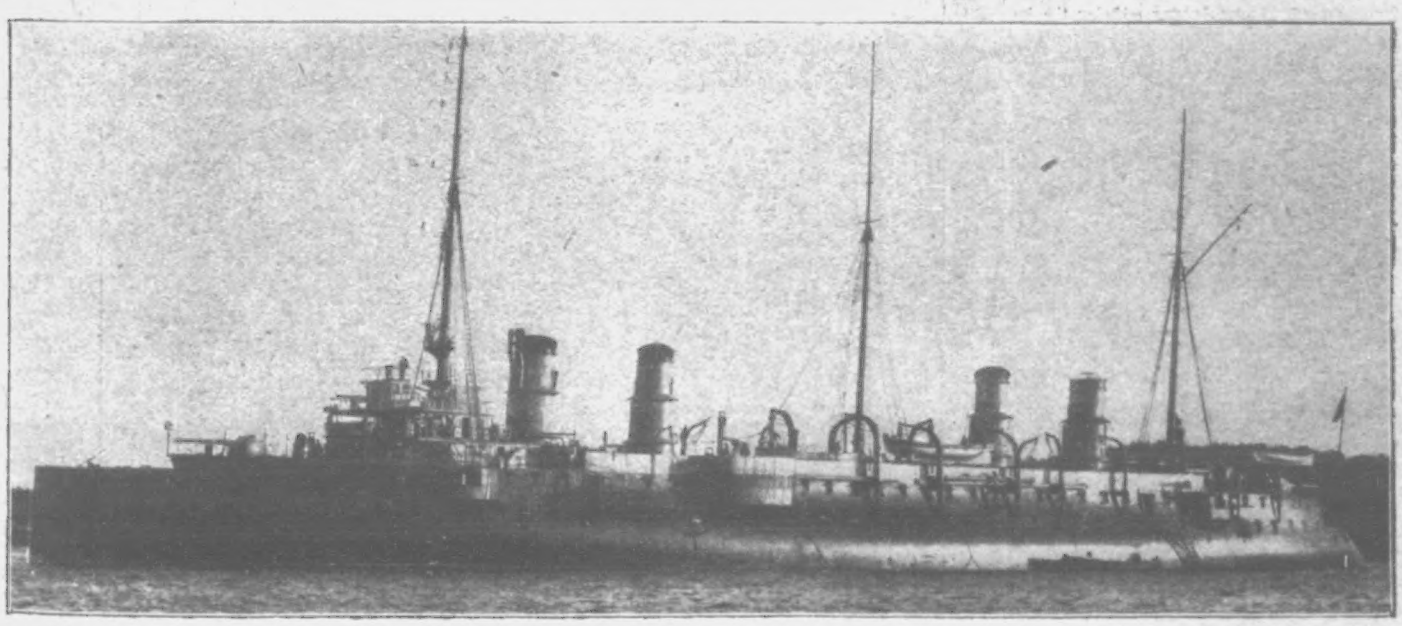
"At home," he said, "we shoot only at 300 mètres (328 yards), which is the standard for international matches in Europe. We have no experience of long-range shooting, and it is rather tempting the fates for us to enter for the Palma. But we want to learn something about long-range shooting, and we shall be satisfied if we are not the very last."

There, my dear military experts, who declared that in this matter we were years behind all the other Powers, what do you think of that?

THE GOSSIP.

Photo. Cant, Rome.

HIS HOLINESS THE POPE.



THE FRENCH CRUISER "GUICHEN," IN WHICH PRESIDENT LOUBET ARRIVED AT DOVER ON MONDAY LAST.

"A new preparation which bids fair to revolutionise medical science."
—Sheffield Independent.

"ANTIPON," the new permanent cure for corpulence, takes immediate rank amongst the greatest triumphs of modern science. It solves once and for all the question of the radical cure of obesity, one of the most troublesome of diseases—sometimes one of the most dangerous, owing to the constant menace of what is known as fatty degeneration of the heart.

This marvellous specific supplies medical men and the public with a *strengthening* remedy for over-stoutness, as opposed to the harmful and exhausting, but never permanent, remedies hitherto employed. These so-called cures necessitated starving the body and undermining the constitution by cathartics, sweating, etc. To such crude and painful methods "Antipon" is diametrically opposed.

"Antipon" has a special action of its own. Whilst rapidly destroying and eliminating the excessive fat, both internal and subcutaneous, it acts at the same time as a wonderful tonic, increasing strength and vitality, bracing up the nervous system, and giving back the energy and buoyancy of youth.

"Antipon" promotes a healthy, natural desire for wholesome food, strengthens the digestive organs, and assists assimilation and nutrition. By thus perfecting the digestion, it prevents a waste accumulation of fatty matter in the system. It also prevents a sluggish circulation by keeping the blood (enriched by the increased amount of nourishment) in a normal and healthy condition, so that the waste matter in the system is properly eliminated instead of being deposited by the blood in the tissues. Briefly, the great loss of weight in unhealthy fat deposits is met by an increase of sound muscular tissue, greater nerve-force, more sustained brain-power, not to speak of the more regular functional activity of the vital organs.

The reductive capabilities of "Antipon" can be proved within a day and night of taking the first dose. From eight ounces to three pounds is the loss of weight in ordinary cases. Thereafter the daily diminution is sure and steady until complete cure. With the attainment of normal weight, elegance of figure, nicely proportioned limbs, and improved facial outlines, the doses of "Antipon" may cease. No drastic rules as to food and drink are required the improved appetite may be satisfied without stint.

"Antipon," a pleasantly tart liquid, contains no mineral or other harmful substances. The ingredients, independently investigated by several expert medical men, have been cordially approved, and sound practical tests have confirmed them in the opinion that "Antipon" fulfils all that is claimed for it. "Antipon" gives new life as well as a return to a beautiful shape. Without perfect health there is no physical beauty; and in giving back the one, "Antipon" assures the other." Permanent elegance and sounder health are the priceless gifts conferred by a short and economical and pleasant course of "Antipon."

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemists, Stores, &c., price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle, from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

THE "ANTIPON" COMPANY,
18, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

Enthusiastic Welcome by the British Press.

The Sketch. "'Antipon' is not merely a temporary fat-reducer; it goes to the root of the complaint. This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

Methodist Recorder. "It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

Penny Illustrated Paper. "In 'Antipon,' the great new permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery. Cures, or so-called cures, which purged and sweated the patient into a state of decline are of the past. 'Antipon' is something of a diametrically opposite nature; for whilst it is gradually absorbing and ejecting the gross deposits of superfluous fat, it increases muscular strength and helps to revitalise the nervous system."

Weldon's Ladies' Journal. "Readers troubled with *embonpoint* will find in 'Antipon' a reliable and permanent cure, exceedingly pleasant to take, and, being a powerful fat-absorbent, it dissolves and eliminates from the body all superfluous adipose, both the internal fat and the subcutaneous. It also forms a strength-giving tonic, improves the appetite, assists digestion, and tones up the whole system, without the sufferer incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet."

Many other papers have published equally laudatory notices.

"ANTIPON" can be had of Chemists, Stores, &c., price 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle, from stock or on order; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers—

THE "ANTIPON" COMPANY,
13, Buckingham St., Strand,
LONDON, W.C.

THE WEEK'S NEWS.

THE KING and St. George's Rifles.—In the gardens of Buckingham Palace last Saturday King Edward inspected the 1st Middlesex (Victoria and St. George's) Rifles, the occasion being the centenary of the establishment of the corps, which was founded in 1803. Upon the arrival of His Majesty a Royal salute was given, and the King inspected the lines, after which there was a march-past in column and quarter-column, concluding with an advance in line and review order. In addressing the battalion in complimentary terms, His Majesty referred to the good work it had done in 1803, when the country was in dire peril, and to the fact that so many of its members had distinguished themselves in the late war in South Africa. Colonel Ococks, who had 640 men on parade, having thanked His Majesty for the great honour done the corps, Major-General L. J. Oliphant, commanding the Home District, addressed a few words to the men and called for three cheers for the King, which were heartily given.

Birth of a Prince.—H.R.H. Princess Charles of Denmark (Princess Maud, the youngest child of the King and Queen) gave birth to a son at Appleton House, Sandringham, last Thursday evening. The infant Prince comes twelfth in the line of succession to the English throne and sixth in the line of succession to the throne of Denmark. He is the eighth grandchild of Their Majesties, and is Princess Charles's first child. Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark were married in 1896, and at her wedding the Princess made it a stipulation that she and her husband should live at least six months in the year in this country. Prince Charles is the second son of the Crown Prince of Denmark (the Queen's brother), and was born in 1870. He is a lieutenant in the Danish Navy and has the rank of an honorary lieutenant in the British Navy. On Sunday the King ran down to Sandringham to visit his daughter and his latest grandchild; Her Majesty the Queen having gone down some days earlier.

President Loubet's Visit.—M. Emile Loubet, President of the French Republic, paid an official visit to England this week, and remained for three days the guest of the nation at St. James's Palace. The President and his suite left Paris at seven o'clock on Monday morning, and travelled to London viâ Boulogne and Dover. A double line of battle-ships and cruisers, extending over two miles, was assembled off the English coast to greet the distinguished visitor; and H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, with the members of the French Embassy in London, awaited him on the pier at Dover. The warmth of the reception accorded when M. Loubet disembarked from the French cruiser *Guichen* was remarkable, and cannot have failed to impress the Chief of the French nation with the real cordiality that the English people are prepared to extend to their cross-Channel neighbours. On arrival at Victoria Station the President was received by the King and the Prince of Wales, and the whole party then drove through Grosvenor Place and Piccadilly to St. James's Palace. The route was thronged with cheering multitudes as the procession passed, cries of "Good old Loubet! Three cheers for the President!" and kindred manifestations denoting the sentiments of the people. After a brief rest M. Loubet drove to Buckingham Palace to visit the King and Queen, and from thence paid similar courtesy calls upon the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. After receiving representatives of the French community in London, M. Loubet and his suite drove again to Buckingham Palace, where His Majesty gave a grand State dinner in honour of our distinguished neighbours.

M. Loubet in the City.—On Tuesday the French President was a busy man. The day's engagements began at nine a.m. with a visit to the French Hospital and Governesses' Home, followed by the reception of various deputations at St. James's Palace. At noon M. Loubet, M. Delcassé, and the other highly placed officials drove through Regent Street, Oxford Street, and Cheapside to the Guildhall, where they were entertained to lunch by the City Corporation. In the afternoon visits to Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Argyll, and other Royal personages left little time for repose, and at 7.30 p.m. the President entertained the King and the Prince of Wales and a most distinguished company to dinner at the French Embassy in Albert Gate. The second day of this momentous and history-making visit closed with a State visit to the Opera at Covent Garden, the great theatre presenting a most magnificent spectacle, filled, as it was, with the flower of English rank and beauty. On Wednesday morning M. Loubet visited Windsor Castle, and in the afternoon, accompanied by the King and Queen, drove over to Aldershot to witness a review by His Majesty of the First Army Corps. In the evening, a State ball at Buckingham Palace concluded the festivities of the third day's visit. Before his return to France on Thursday, the President expressed his delight at the warmth of his reception in England, and his gratitude for the honour done to France in his person. The visit has been one of marked success throughout, and there is no question but that it will materially increase the goodwill existing between the two nations.

The Pope Reported Dying.—His Holiness the Pope is dying. Dr. Lapponi and Dr. Mazzoni, who have been in constant attendance, report that His Holiness is suffering from a hardening of the lungs, an ailment incident to extreme old age. The doctors add that, unless a miracle stops the solidification of the tissues, the Pope will go out like a lamp whose oil is dry. By desire of His Holiness, the Holy Sacrament was administered, the Pope receiving the rite with great emotion. His mind remains clear and unclouded, and his calm demeanour affords a striking contrast to that of the Cardinals and relatives by whom his bed is surrounded. The room in which His Holiness is lying contains a small bed, drawn up to a window overlooking the Piazza di San Pietro. Green hangings drape the walls, an antique picture of the Madonna and a great ivory crucifix being the only ornaments in the vast apartment. Counts Camille, Ludovic, and Richard Pecci, the Pope's nephews, are in constant attendance upon their aged kinsman.

Mr. Chamberlain in Birmingham.—In his capacity of Chancellor of the University of Birmingham Mr. Chamberlain this week conferred degrees on over fifty graduates, among them being a niece of the right hon. gentleman. Referring to the establishment of technical colleges, the Colonial Secretary said they in Birmingham wished all sister institutions the greatest prosperity. In the future he hoped to see a free interchange of ideas and even an exchange of students. "I desire," he remarked, "that every University shall supply what it is best fitted to produce, and that there shall be an open market; all their products shall be interchangeable, and all fresh knowledge shall be welcomed in all these Universities. What we want, not in education alone, is a real free trade."

Somaliland Campaign.—A cablegram, dated Aden, July 4, states that news has been received from Jig Jigga to the effect that on the 24th ult. the Abyssinian General, Abanabro, had a severe encounter with the forces of the Ogaden Somalis, who lost very heavily

Affairs in the Far East.—It is stated on reliable authority that a joint note has been presented by the British and Japanese Governments to the Chinese. The note, after deprecating the delay in Russia's evacuation of Manchuria, which is characterised as a standing menace to the peace of the Far East, goes on to point out that England and Japan acknowledge no treaty concluded between Russia and China which does not bind the former Power to leave Manchuria. General Kurapatkin, Russian Minister of War, has left Vladivostock by order of the Czar, and it is asserted has gone to Nikolaievsk to inspect the fortifications, as the place would have special importance in the event of any conflict with Great Britain and Japan.

Army and Navy Items.—Under the immediate patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian, the Commander-in-Chief, and Lord Charles Beresford, a grand open-air entertainment in aid of the funds of the Union Jack Club was organised by Messrs. Arthur Collins and George Edwardes at Henley this week. Over a thousand seats were arranged in front of a theatre stage, on which such popular favourites as Mrs. Brown-Potter, Miss Madge Lessing, Miss Topsy Sinden, and Miss Alma Jones; and Messrs. Ben Davies, Harry Nicholls, George Robey, Fred Wright, Herbert Campbell, and many others, appeared in support of the good cause. The funds of the Club benefited considerably by the entertainment.—A return just issued gives the number of commissions granted during the last four years at 5202, of which 142 were given to men who had risen from the ranks.—The principal competition in connection with the First Army Corps rifle meeting at Aldershot was that for the Navy and Army Team Challenge Cup, open to all comers. The School of Musketry won the trophy with a score of 705, Sergeant-Major Wallingford being top-scorer with 97. The Royal Marine Artillery were second with 699, and H.M.S. *Excellent* third with 685. The All-Comers' Army and Navy Challenge Cup for individuals resulted in a win for Petty-Officer Soops, of H.M.S. *Excellent*, with a score of 96; Sergeant-Instructor of Musketry Cunningham, Rifle Depôt, being second with 95; while Corporal Cuthbertson, R.E., Sergeant-Major Kempster, Jersey L.I., and Captain Collard, R.M.L.I., with scores of 94 each, tied for the honours of third place.

Gordon-Bennett Motor-Race.—Thursday, July 2, will be long remembered in Ireland and throughout Europe in connection with the great motor-race for the international trophy presented four years ago by Mr. Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the *New York Herald*. Automobilists from all parts of the world assembled for the event, for which twelve competing cars faced the starter. Great disappointment was experienced at the comparative failure of the English and American competitors, and after a most exciting finish the race was eventually won by M. Jenatzy, who on a German Mercédès car defeated the Chevalier René de Knyff, one of the representatives of France, by eleven minutes over a course 370¾ miles long. The actual racing time of the winner was 6 hours 39 min., while Mr. S. F. Edge, the principal English competitor, who won the Cup last year, took 9 hours 15 min. to complete the course owing to his tyres puncturing no less than seven times. Mr. Jarrott, England's second string, had the misfortune to break his collar-bone, while Mr. Stocks, the third representative of this country, was early obliged to retire from the contest owing to his having mistaken a turning and run his car into a wire fence.

Love Tragedy at Fulham.—At West London Police-Court Thomas Washington Gibbs, aged twenty-one, was charged with the wilful murder of Bridget McQuaide. The murdered girl lived at 6, Kingwood Road, Fulham. It was stated that the two had quarrelled, and on Thursday the girl went to the prisoner's house to return her engagement-ring. He asked her to make up the quarrel, but she refused. Thereupon Gibbs, it is alleged, attacked the girl with a knife, cutting her throat from ear to ear and stabbing her in the face. When Constable Butt arrived he found the young woman lying lifeless on the ground and the prisoner being held by some men. At the inquest on Monday last a verdict of wilful murder against Gibbs was returned.

Sad Drowning Fatality.—A particularly sad disaster has taken place at Cleveleys, a seaside resort situated midway between Blackpool and Fleetwood, resulting in the death of three young ladies. The family of Mr. F. Warburton, of 72, Barlow Moor Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester, were spending a holiday at Seabeach House, Cleveleys, and four daughters and Mr. Warburton's son-in-law went to bathe nearly every fine day. On Friday afternoon the weather was rough, and the party were advised not to venture into the sea, but, believing the shore to be quite safe, they unfortunately entered the water. The rapid tide formed a deep channel between the bathers and the beach, and on attempting to get back the whole five were swept off their feet. Mrs. Warburton, who was on the promenade, instantly gave the alarm, and a boatman named John Croft succeeded in rescuing the son-in-law and one daughter. The other three, Ethel (14), Minnie (17), and Mrs. Nora Lord, were swept away, their bodies having not yet been recovered. The distressing event has cast a gloom over the district, the family having made themselves great favourites in the neighbourhood.

Warwickshire Gamekeeper Shot.—Rural Warwickshire has been greatly startled by a crime which at present is wrapped in the deepest mystery. Caleb Carter, a gamekeeper employed on the Earl of Claverdon's estate, has been found lying dead in a ditch, with a gun-shot wound in the back of his head. The deceased man, who was shortly to have been married to a Miss Hancox, had been missing from his cottage, where he lived alone, for some days, and after a search party had scoured the woods and coverts in the neighbourhood, his body was ultimately discovered in the corner of a plantation, where a little brook babbles beneath the trees and ferns. Medical evidence adduced at the inquest demonstrated that Carter had been shot down at very close range, and, as his money and valuables were untouched, it is at present difficult to determine the motive of the murderer. That the fatal wound was not self-inflicted is proved by the fact that Carter had no weapon with him at the time of his death, and also from the nature of the injury itself. At the request of Superintendent Ravenhall, of the County Police, who has the case in hand, the inquest was adjourned until July 10.

The Lady and the "Lieutenant."—A remarkable story of an elopement has come to light at Hereford, where John Mark Donoghue has been charged with obtaining wedding-cards by false pretences. A few weeks ago Donoghue went to Hereford, where he made the acquaintance of a smart, good-looking girl employed in a local business establishment. The friendship rapidly ripened, and the wedding day appears to have been named. Two days before the appointed date, however, the pair disappeared, their departure being evidently hurried by the receipt of a letter from a lady stated to be Donoghue's wife, who subsequently put in an appearance. The mother of the girl, on receipt of a letter explaining that her daughter was at Birkennead with her lover, "Lieutenant" Donoghue, as he styled himself, although in reality, it is

THE FULHAM TRAGEDY: THE SPOT IN HARTOPP AVENUE, FULHAM, WHERE THOMAS GIBBS IS ALLEGED TO HAVE MURDERED MISS BRIDGET McQUAIDE.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE IN THE WITNESS-BOX.

THE WELL-KNOWN ACTRESS LAST WEEK BROUGHT AN ACTION AGAINST A MR. BELL, ALLEGING INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT OF THE PLAY OF "SAPHO." THE CASE IS NOW TO BE LAID BEFORE MR. SEYMOUR-HICKS, WHO IS TO ACT AS REFEREE.

Photo. Venn.

WARWICKSHIRE TRAGEDY: SPOT WHERE THE BODY OF THE GAMEKEEPER WAS FOUND.

Photo. Venn.

WARWICKSHIRE GAMEKEEPER TRAGEDY: WARRIOR'S LODGE, WHERE MISS HANCOX LIVES.

THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE (FULLY ILLUSTRATED).—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

alleged he is a gasfitter of Leamington, promptly sent one of her sons to bring the young lady back, and Donoghue was then arrested on the charge of false pretences. After a somewhat lengthy examination before the magistrates, a remand was ordered.

Madman on the Roof.—Sunday morning in Egmont Street, New Cross, was enlivened in a most unusual manner. A powerfully built sea-going engineer named Samuel Armstrong, who was staying with relatives in Egmont Street, appears to have become suddenly subject to a fit of mental derangement, which took the form of an extraordinary mania for destruction. Climbing on to the roof of his friend's house, he ripped up slates, demolished chimneys, smashed windows, and pelted the passers-by in the street below with the débris. For two hours the madman kept a strong force of police at bay until finally a well-directed jet of water from the hose of a fire-engine which had been called knocked him over, when

EGMONT STREET, NEW CROSS,

WHERE THE "MADMAN ON THE ROOFS" DISPORTED HIMSELF.

he was secured and taken to hospital in an ambulance. The damage to property wrought by Armstrong is estimated at £700.

Leicester Men Sentenced to Death.—Thomas Porter, twenty-nine, and Thomas Preston, twenty-four, shoe hands, of Sileby, Leicestershire, were sentenced to death this week for the murder of Police-Constable Wilkinson on the night of May 25 last. Counsel for the Crown said that on the night in question the two men, who were out on a poaching expedition, shot the officer in cold blood at very close range from behind a tombstone in the village churchyard, and that they then held the police at bay the whole night, threatening to shoot anyone who attempted to capture them. The defence was that both men had been drinking, and that, hearing a noise as they passed through the churchyard, the gun was discharged to frighten away whoever was there. On hearing the jury's verdict, Preston, who had given evidence, exclaimed, "I don't think we have had a fair trial," while Porter, as he was being led away after sentence had been pronounced, called out cheerily to his friends in court, "Good-bye all."

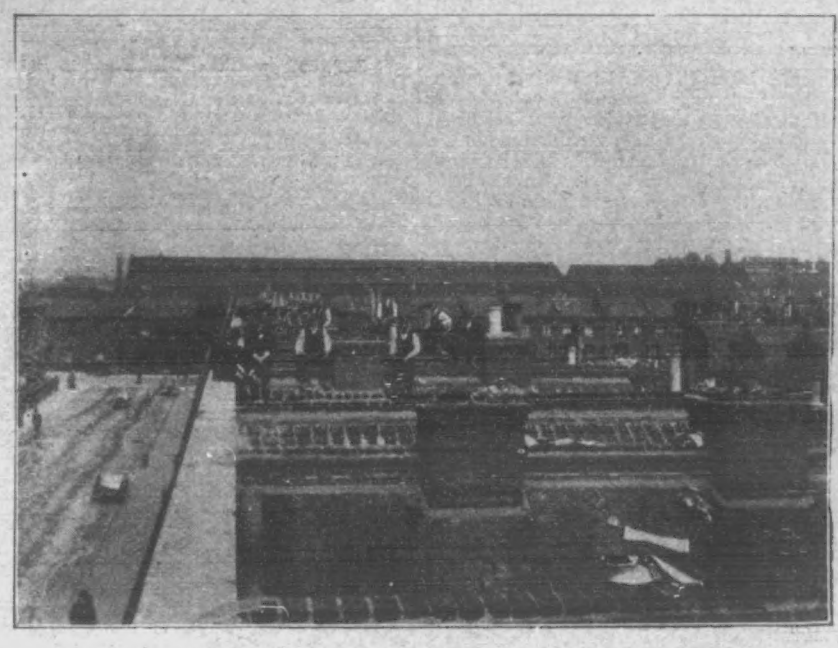
Execution of a Soldier.—At Chelmsford on Tuesday, Charles Howell, private in the Suffolk Regiment, paid the extreme penalty of the law for the murder of a girl named Maud Luen at Colchester. There had been a quarrel between the couple, and Howell, readers will remember, asked the girl to kiss him, when he drew a razor across her throat. Medical experts from the Home Office having failed to find any trace of insanity in the condemned man, an application for a reprieve was refused, and Howell was hanged in a black suit of clothes and not the uniform he wore when convicted.—Samuel Herbert Dougal, the man lying under sentence of death for the murder of Miss Camille C. Holland, formerly of the Moat Farm, Saffron Walden, has delivered to his solicitor a lengthy statement, in which he says that Miss Holland's death was due to the accidental discharge of a revolver as she sat under a tree in the Moat Farm garden. Dougal adds that in his fright he buried the body in the ditch in which it was found, and afterwards feared to mention the facts to anyone. On this statement he is said to base hopes of a commutation of the death sentence; but pending the final decision of the Home Secretary, the execution is fixed for July 14.

Manchester Family Murdered.—A shocking domestic tragedy has been enacted at Rhodes, a little village about four miles from Manchester. Early in the morning neighbours of Louis Smethurst, a labourer, heard loud screams, and later in the day it was discovered that the father, mother, and two children all lay dead in the house. Mrs. Smethurst's head was almost severed from her body, and the room in which she lay gave evidence of a terrible struggle for life, the floor and walls being splashed with blood. Smethurst himself lay dead with his throat cut from ear to ear, an Army razor being found on the floor beside his body. It is conjectured that in a fit of jealous rage the man killed his wife and children, and then committed suicide. Both husband and wife were comparatively young, the former being thirty-two and his wife twenty-seven years of age. It is stated that there had been frequent disturbances in the household of late.

"P.I.P." PLAYGOER.

THE "Toreador" having reached its 675th performance, only the second act was given in the entertainments on the last night of the Gaiety last Saturday, when Mr. George Edwardes received applications for 20,000 more seats than the theatre would hold. It was nearly half-past twelve at night when Sir Henry Irving came upon the stage and received a most enthusiastic greeting. He made a genial speech referring to some of the chief items in the programme. Then Mr. George Edwardes briefly returned thanks, and Miss Florence St. John started "Auld Lang Syne," in which the crowded audience lustily joined, bringing to an end the long and brilliant career of the "Good old Gaiety."

Mr. Tree will present "Richard II." early in September. I am expecting a great success in the leading character, and, as Bolingbroke, Mr. Oscar Asche will be very effective, while Miss Lily Brayton will, I am certain, prove excellent as the Queen. This clever lady has made great strides forward of late. In producing "Richard II." Mr. Tree has divided the tragedy into three parts of nine scenes. There will be two tableaux, one a moving scene representing the entry of Bolingbroke into London with the King as his captive. The other tableau—a stationary one—will illustrate the Coronation of Henry IV. in Westminster Abbey, painted by



VIEW OF THE ROOFS: SHOWING THE DAMAGE SAMUEL ARMSTRONG DID TO SLATES AND CHIMNEY STACKS LAST SUNDAY EVENING.

Messrs. Harker and Helmsley. Mr. Tree has been honoured with the King's command to play in Dublin during the Royal visit, and the enterprising lessee will take over his entire company, one hundred strong, to play on the 23rd inst., performing at the Theatre Royal on the next day and returning to London the day after. The London and North-Western Company will place at Mr. Tree's service an express steamer, and the scenery will be sent in advance.

Mr. Arthur Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh will reappear at the Garrick Theatre on the 13th inst. in "The Bishop's Move." They will be assisted by Mr. H. B. Warner, Mr. Frank Mills, Mr. Albert Sims, Miss Kate Sergeantson, Miss Jessie Bateman, and Miss Margery Fane, and other capable performers.

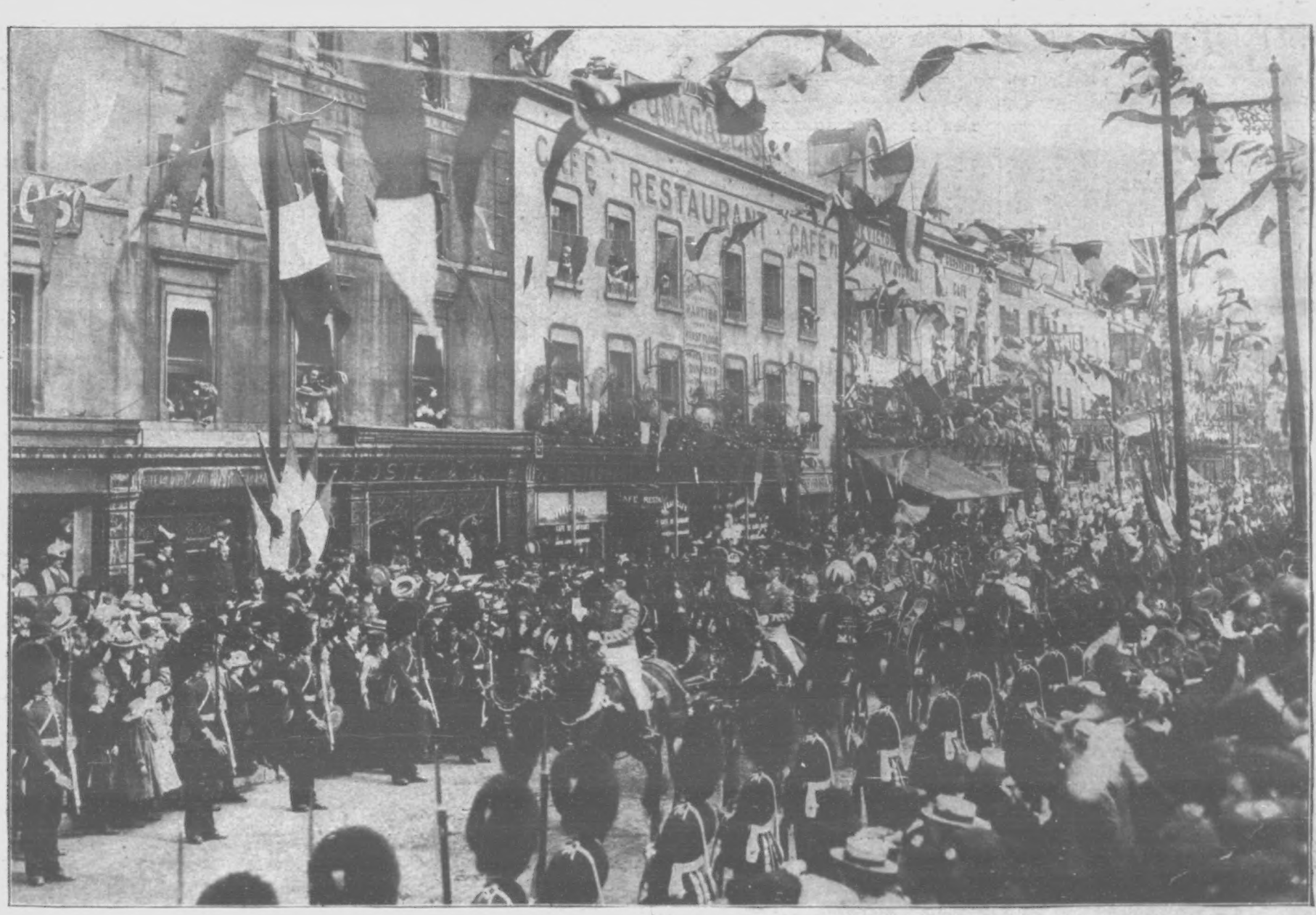
The gala performance at the Royal Opera on Tuesday last in honour of President Loubet included the second scene of the first act of "Rigoletto," with Madame Melba as Gilda; the second act of "Carmen," with Madame Calvé as the heroine; and the second act of "Roméo et Juliette." The prices were greatly advanced, sixty guineas having been charged for a box, a guinea for a seat in the gallery, and twelve guineas for a stall.

A dramatic version of "David Copperfield," by Messrs. T. G. Warren and Ben Landeck, will be produced next month at the Adelphi Theatre, under the title of "Uncle Dan'l." There was an excellent version of the novel produced a few years ago.

I cannot say that the adaptation of "Lorna Doone" quite fulfilled expectations. Mr. Hayden Coffin did not realise the burly John Ridd either, but he delighted the audience, as he always does.

Lady Harris gives a garden-party at the Elms, Avenue Road, this present Friday in aid of the "Actors' Orphanage Fund." The balcony scene from "Romeo and Juliet," the forest scenes from "As You Like It," the coloured comedians from the Shaftesbury, and other attractive selections will contribute to the entertainment of the visitors. Also a café-chantant of the Parisian pattern.

THE PROMPTER.



THE FRENCH PRESIDENT IN LONDON: M. LOUBET IN THE ROYAL CARRIAGE AFTER HIS ARRIVAL AT VICTORIA.

THE LAST OF THE GAIETY.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

Early Morning Catarrh.

In an editorial on Catarrh in the last number of the *Review of Ear, Nose and Throat Diseases*, there is mentioned the tendency of catarrhal diseases to become especially troublesome in the morning. The explanation of this is to be found in the fact that during the night, when the body is recumbent, the catarrhal accumulations pass backward from the nasal cavities into the throat. In the morning, on waking, these accumulations cause hacking, coughing, or scraping to free the throat from the phlegm. Nearly all those who suffer from nasal complaints have this symptom, and in some cases it becomes so prominent as to be called "Early morning catarrh." This number of the *Review* also contains a "Supplement" giving the details of a large number of cases of catarrh cured by a new method, which has been successful where operative procedures and cauterisations have failed. There is likewise a Report Form, by means of which patients suffering with deafness or ear, nose, or throat ailments can obtain free advice by post. Those who are interested can secure a copy of the *Review* (with supplement and Report Form), free by post by addressing the Editor, Drouet Institute, 10, Marble Arch, London, W. When possible, however, the Editor advises patients to have a consultation with the medical staff at the Drouet Institute. Consulting hours are—in the morning, 10 to 12; and in the afternoon, 2 to 4, week-days only. A fee of five shillings is charged for personal consultations.

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HINDE'S HAIR WAVERS

The late Lord Justice Chitty, on the application of Mr. Lewis Edmunds, Q.C., recently granted a perpetual injunction, with costs, restraining a West End Draper from passing off spurious curlers and selling them as "Hinde's" Curlers. Evidence was given by a lady nurse, Mrs. Nobbs of Kensington, that she had suffered damage by such misrepresentation. Ladies are urged to note that no curlers or waversare genuine "Hinde's" unless they bear the name "Hinde's" legibly impressed both on the article and on the box. The present fashion of Undulated hair renders 'Hinde's Wavers' Nos. 18, 19, 20, a necessity at any well-appointed toilet table, and ladies to whom these little appliances may be at present unknown will experience a revelation as to the ease and rapidity with which the day or evening coiffure can be completed. They are sold in 1/- boxes by every dealer in the three Queendoms, or Sample Box may be had free by post for thirteen stamps from the proprietors, Hindes Limited, Finsbury, London, E.C.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

CRICKET.

OXFORD won the 'Varsity match, and won it easily. The margin of 268 runs was, in the run of the play, fully deserved, for a sedate comparison between the two sides by anybody who watched the play closely could only result in one conclusion—that the Oxonians were, all round, the better team. They excelled in batting and fielding, and there was a wide gulf between the deadliness of their attack and that of the Cantabs'. The latter seemed to lack the dash which is usually associated with inter-'Varsity contests, and their efforts compared unfavourably with those of the Dark Blues.

For an eleventh-hour choice J. E. Raphael did extremely well, and his magnificent contribution of 130 was the better half of the 259 runs that Oxford scored in their first innings. Raphael started rather unsteadily, but when he settled down he belaboured the Cambridge bowling with scant courtesy. Getting more and more confident, he took off his batting-gloves and hammered away at the attack as if it were the veriest Saturday afternoon's stuff.

One hardly knows whether to praise Raphael more than W. H. B. Evans. The former, new to the match, was naturally anxious, but he overcame all difficulties; Evans, with all the fire and dash of a determined player who knows the ropes, laid himself out to do his utmost. He began by scoring 21, the next highest number for Oxford to that of Raphael; he went on in the Cambridge first innings and took seven wickets for 52 runs. When Oxford batted again he made 60, and finished by taking four wickets for 34 in the second venture of Cambridge. Thus he took eleven wickets for 86 runs and scored 81 in two innings—a performance of which he may well feel proud.

Others who helped to secure so ready a victory for Oxford were C. D. McIver (51), K. M. Carlisle (60), and O. M. Samson (not out 32) in batting, and von Ernsthausen (five wickets for 63) in bowling. On the Cambridge side there were few good performances; for though E. M. Dowson got 54, he was missed by Raphael when he had only scored 4 in the first innings. In that venture R. P. Keigwin made 30 not out, but in the second innings R. T. Godsell, 59, and F. B. Wilson, 42, alone made a stand, and the result was a foregone conclusion long before the end came. Oxford have now drawn nearer to their rivals, the respective figures in wins being Cambridge thirty-three to Oxford's thirty, with six drawn games.

In the county games that finished last week-end Yorkshire easily beat Leicestershire, Hirst (153), Denton (133), and Rhodes (79 not out) being the main factors in the defeat of the Midlanders by an innings and 280 runs. Somerset overcame Gloucestershire by ten wickets, in spite of a characteristic display by G. L. Jessop who made 761 in 40 min. At Brighton Surrey, in spite of a great start, only just managed to draw with Sussex, for whom C. B. Fry scored 200—his fourth century this season. On a perfect pitch at Nottingham there were many notable performances in the game between Notts and Lancashire. A. O. Jones scored 137 in the first innings and exactly 100 in the second innings, so that he joins the select ranks of those who have made two separate centuries in a match. Iremonger also made 125, W. Gunn scored 50 and 73, and his nephew John compiled 23 and 50 not out, the half-century being practically presented to him by the generosity of Archie Maclaren, who ordered the stumps to be repitched after they had been pulled up when it was found that there was no chance of a definite result being arrived at. Another notable incident was the wonderful score of R. H. Spooner, who made 247—his first three-figure innings in first-class cricket.

The Gentlemen v. Players match at Lord's commenced on Monday, when the "pros." occupied the wickets the whole of the day, and made 387 for seven wickets, this big score being due to splendid batting by Knight, Braund, Denton, Barnes, and Hayward. The bowling, however, was weak, and Mason and Jackson were much missed.

ATHLETICS AND CYCLING.

Much was expected at the A.A.A. Championships at Northampton last Saturday; but the people of the town were disappointed, for fields ruled small and the form was not particularly high-class, several of the holders not defending their titles. In the fourteen events only three of last year's winners—A. F. Duffy, A. Shrubb, and P. O'Connor—repeated their respective victories; and as W. W. Coe, S. S. Jones, G. W. Smith, P. F. Kiely, A. B. Manning, W. J. Sturgess, G. Martin, and P. J. Kanser were all away, it was no wonder that the quality of the sport was below the average.

The most interesting race of the day was that for the half-mile. E. H. Kenyon had hunted B. J. Blunden round until the final bend for home, when the former shot past the Blackheath Harrier; but, mistaking the winning-post, the Manchester man eased up, and, before he could get going again, Blunden had regained the lead, which he maintained to the finish, Kenyon retiring. Whether the latter could have won but for his mistake is a matter of opinion, but he looked all over a winner. Next to Blunden, who covered the course in 1 min. 58 4-5 sec., came A. E. Barker (of Leeds), W. Baker (Brighton), and E. S. Ward (L.A.C.).

Another race looked forward to with feverish interest was the one-mile. Shrubb had expressed his intention of doing his utmost to deprive J. Binks of his honours; but, seeing that the latter held the amateur record, it was felt that Shrubb would find the holder a little too much for him. But Binks was not in the same dashing trim as he was last year, when he went the distance in 4 min. 16 4-5 sec., and Shrubb beat him very easily by twenty yards in the very moderate time of 4 min. 21 sec., E. L. Gay-Roberts being third. Shrubb also won the four miles, which, of course, was a certainty for him. His only opponent was T. Edwards, of Salford, and Shrubb made "a hack" of him, finally winning by nearly a quarter of a mile in 20 min. 6 sec.

A. F. Duffy accomplished a record by winning the sprint for the fourth successive time in 10 sec. C. A. Bradley also won four times in succession, but on two occasions he was outside "evens." F. Rivers and L. F. Tremeer had qualified to meet Duffy in the final, the three running a capital race, though Duffy's victory was never in doubt. The Georgetown man broke the tape two yards ahead of Rivers, the Londoner being three-quarters of a yard further behind. Tremeer also figured in the final of the 220 yards, which was a most unsatisfactory race. R. W. Wadsley had trained specially for this, but he got shut in during a scramble in the first heat, and though he eventually got second to C. W. Fox, he was disqualified, and his place awarded to C. F. Brewill. The latter ran much better in the final than he did in the preliminary, and won by two yards from Tremeer, who was a yard ahead of Fox. The winner's time was 23 sec.

G. R. Garnier, always a brilliant "lepper," won the hurdles in the splendid time of 15 4-5 sec., the Oxonian thus doing only 1-5 sec. outside record. In the "field" events T. R. Nicholson followed up his recent good form by annexing both the hammer (which he threw 142 ft. 7 in.) and the weight (which he put 40 ft. 7½ in.) Nobody got near him in either event. While the Scot took the two strength competitions, the two jumping contests went to an Irishman, P. O'Connor, who, after "walking over" for the high jump had only to beat P. Harding in the long jump. This he did easily with a leap of 22 ft. 9½ in. Not much interest is taken in the pole jump nowadays, but it still figures in the championships. S. Morris, of the German Gym., had no opponent on Saturday, luckily, perhaps, for him, as he only cleared 8 ft. 6 in. in exhibition.

LAWN TENNIS.

Following on his great show in the Championships, H. L. Doherty gave an exhibition of his best form in the final for the Kent All-Comers' Championship at Beckenham. He had to meet A. W. Gore, who, although he has given evidence of playing up to his best form this season, was no match for the younger Doherty. "H. L." won a love rubber, scoring 6—1, 6—2, and 6—2. As this is his third successive victory the Cup becomes his own property. The Ladies' Competition was not finished until Monday evening owing to Miss D. K. Douglass being engaged helping the Middlesex Ladies on Saturday to beat Northumberland at Stamford Hill, where also Gloucestershire, aided by such cracks as S. H. Smith and the two Riseleys, gained the Gentlemen's County Championship by defeating Yorkshire by 12 sets to 7. On Monday, Miss Douglass, who won the English Championship at Wimbledon last week, failed to beat Miss C. M. Wilson, who wrested the Kent Championship from her by 2 sets to 1.

Oxford beat Cambridge on Monday by 7 matches to 2; both sides, however, being below the average. The play was very moderate, but some allowance must be made owing to the gale that prevailed. W. C. Crawley, G. R. Fothergill, and F. W. Goldberg represented the winning 'Varsity.

ROWING.

There was the usual brilliant show at Henley on the opening day, and only the high wind tended to spoil the enjoyment. The entries were up to the average, and at the back end of last week a clean bill of health was given in the vast majority of cases. The Diamonds claimed ten entries, including two German representatives and one from Philadelphia. The Victoria (Berlin) R.C. and the Royal Netherlands Club entered for the Stewards' Challenge Cup, and so gave the meeting an international flavour.

The meeting did not really start until 12.30 on Tuesday, but to ease the big programme a couple of heats in the Diamonds were decided on Monday, when F. S. Kelly easily defeated Carl Ernst (Viking R.C., Germany) by six lengths in 9 min. 19 sec. The other heat went just as easily to our old friend Harry Blackstaffe, who beat W. Field, of Oxford, by five lengths in 9 min. 7 sec. The foreigners were entertained to luncheon by the Mayor and Corporation of Henley on Monday, when the toasts included those of the German Emperor, the Queen of the Netherlands, and the American President.

BANSHEE.

Photo. Calcott.

THE DIAMOND SCULLS AT HENLEY: F. S. KELLY, (WINNER IN 1902), WHO HAS BEEN DEFENDING HIS TITLE THIS WEEK.

Photo. Calcott.

THE DIAMOND SCULLS AT HENLEY: J. B. JUVENAL (PHILADELPHIA), ONE OF THE COMPETITORS.

GORE BEATING HOBART

FOR THE ALL ENGLAND PLATE IN THE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS AT WIMBLEDON. GORE WON BY 2 SETS TO NIL.

THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION SPORTS AT NORTHAMPTON: THE START FOR THE MILE—SHRUBB, BINKS, AND GAY-ROBERTS.

TRAINING FOR HENLEY REGATTA.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

"P.I.P.'s" SECOND STORY COMPETITION

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So successful has our First Story Competition been that we now announce another on similar lines. In this Number we present the continuation of our thrilling novel entitled "With This Ring." Below on this page will be found four pictures illustrating scenes from the story. We want you to read the story carefully, select the passages which you think the drawings depict, and write the sentences in the spaces provided below for that purpose. Titles for each picture must not exceed twenty words, and must be a literal copy of words from the story itself. There will be several sets of pictures, the competition extending in all over eight weeks. Keep all your sheets till the eight have appeared, then pin them together, and address them to

Story Competition, "Penny Illustrated Paper," 198, Strand, W.C.

by a date to be named later.

To the competitor who places the greatest number of correct passages under the pictures, we shall award the First Prize of £30 cash; £10 will be awarded as a Second Prize; while there will be Ten Consolation Prizes of £1 each. In the unlikely event of a tie the Prizes will be divided.

No Member of our Staff is allowed to Compete. The Decision of the Editor must be considered final.

FIRST LIST.

Fill in here the passages from the story which you think best fit the Pictures.

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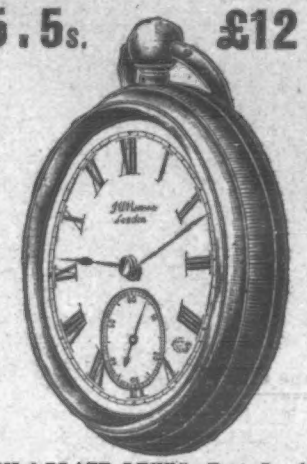

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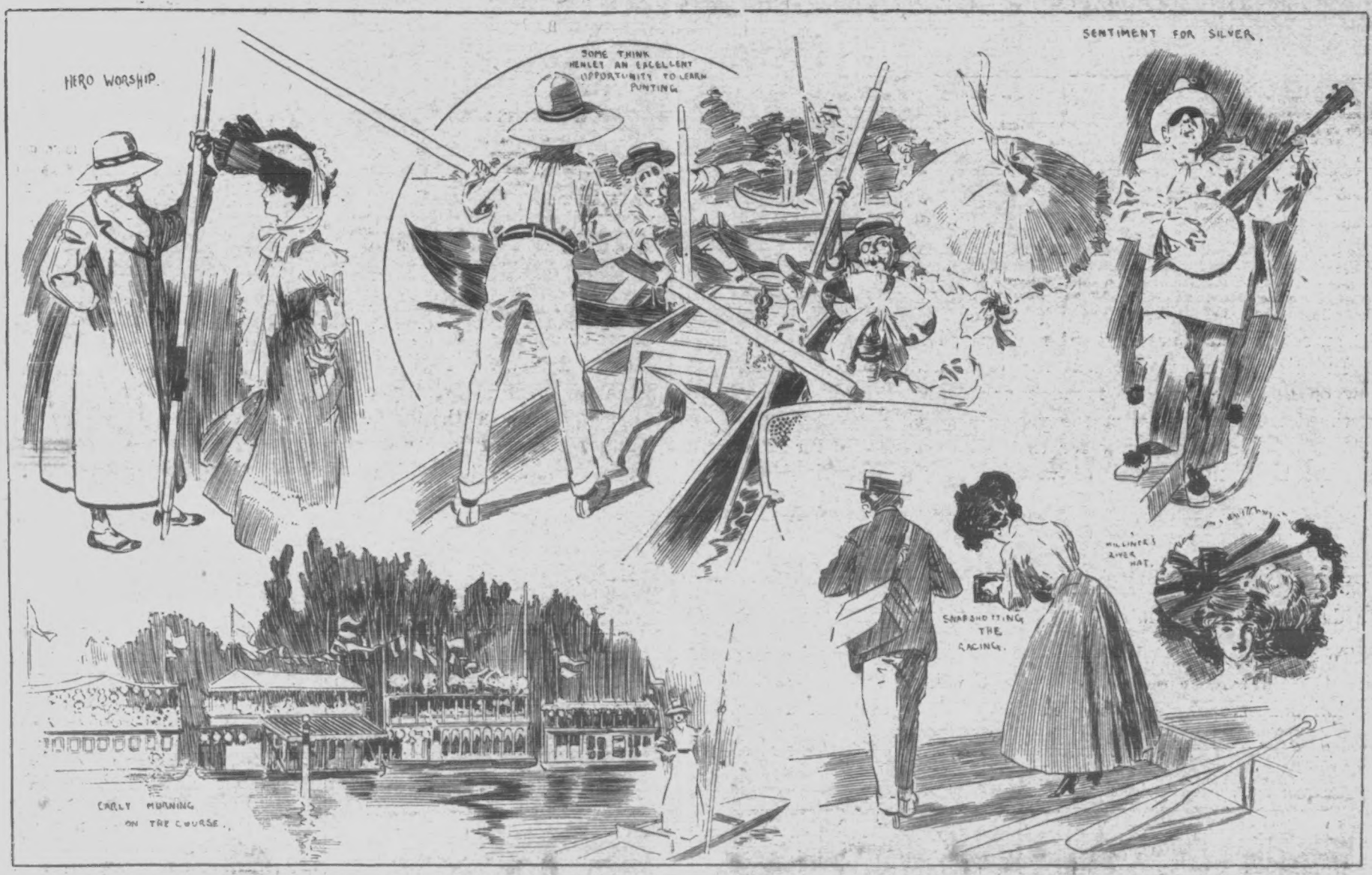
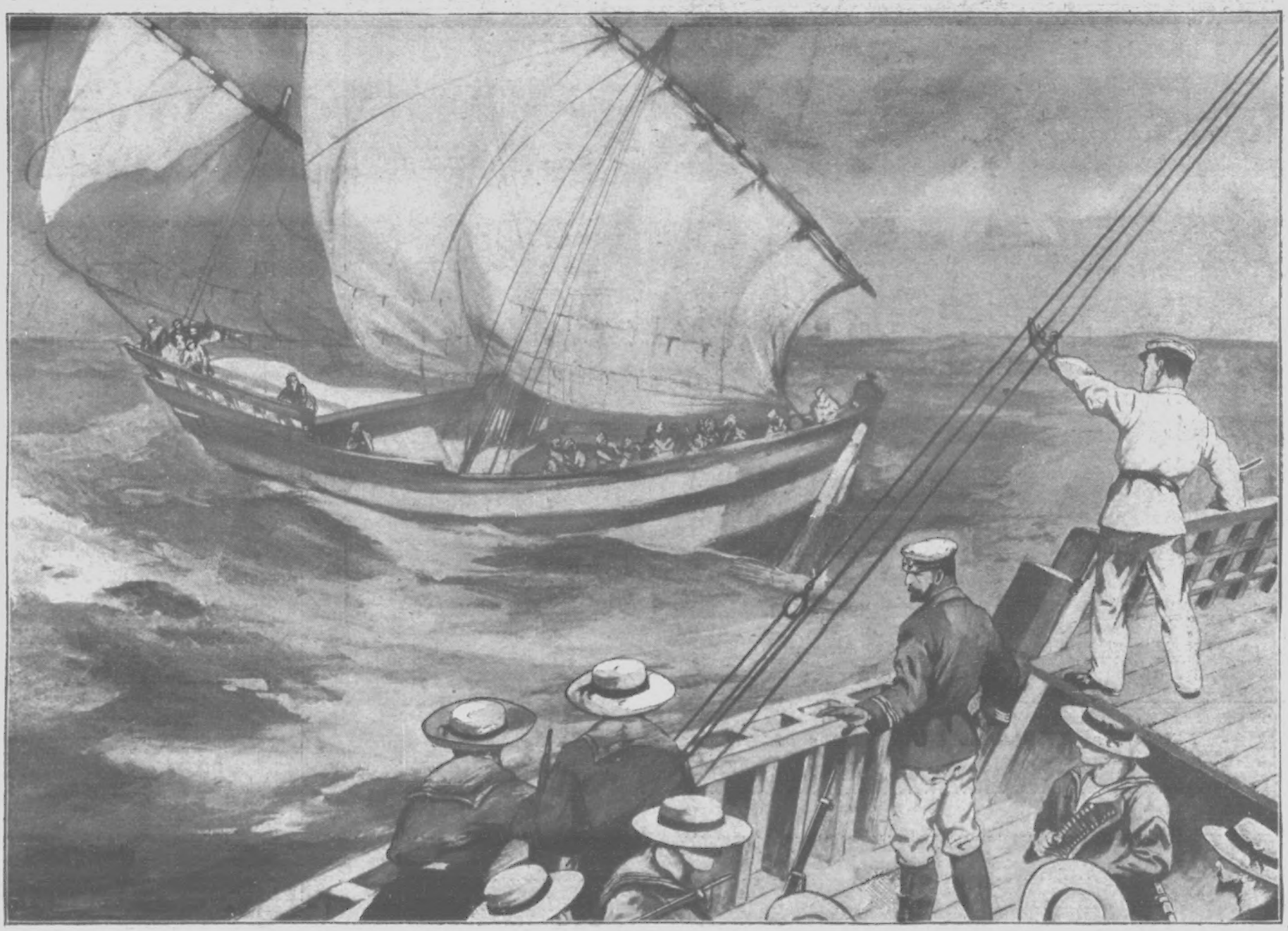
THE NEW CRAZE: TWENTY FAIR VICTIMS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."



AT HENLEY REGATTA: SKETCHES BY THE "P.I.P." SPECIAL ARTIST.



HOW THE MAD MULLAH GETS GUNS: BLUEJACKETS OVERHAULING A SUSPICIOUS DHOW IN THE RED SEA.

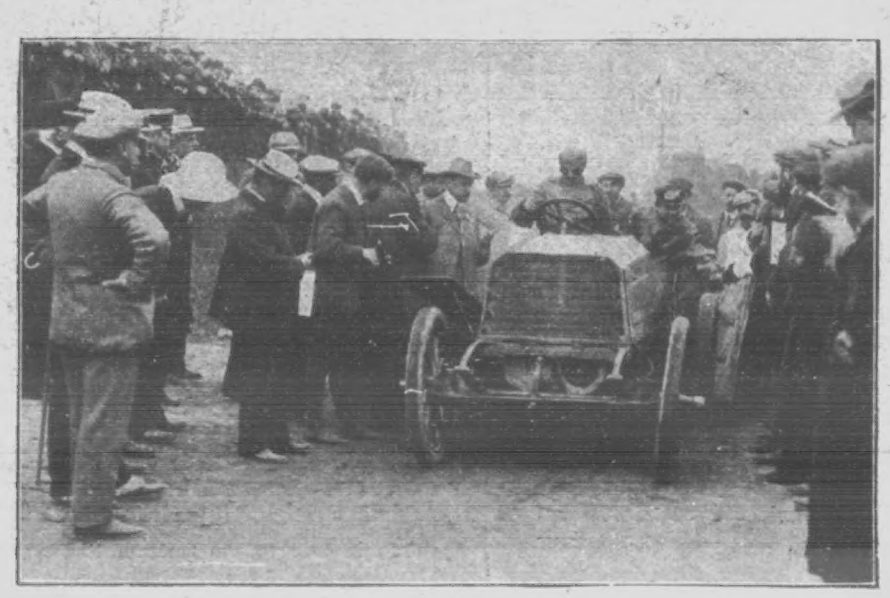
For the purpose of circumventing the enemy's tricks, the British authorities are also employing dhows manned by bluejackets. In connection with the Somaliland Expedition, these have done excellent service.

THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP: PICTURES OF THE GREAT RACE.

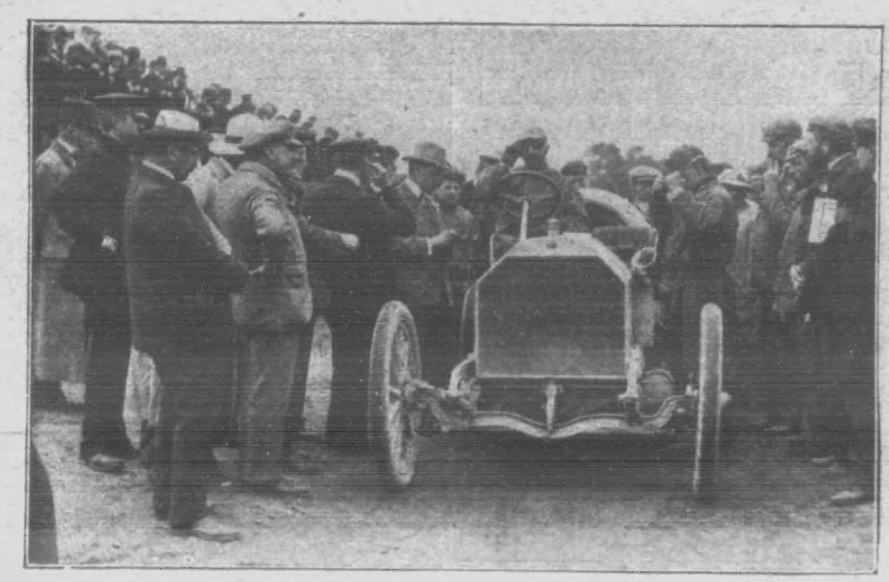
(Photographs by Lafayette and Bowden Bros.)

M. JENATZY (GERMANY), THE WINNER OF THE RACE.

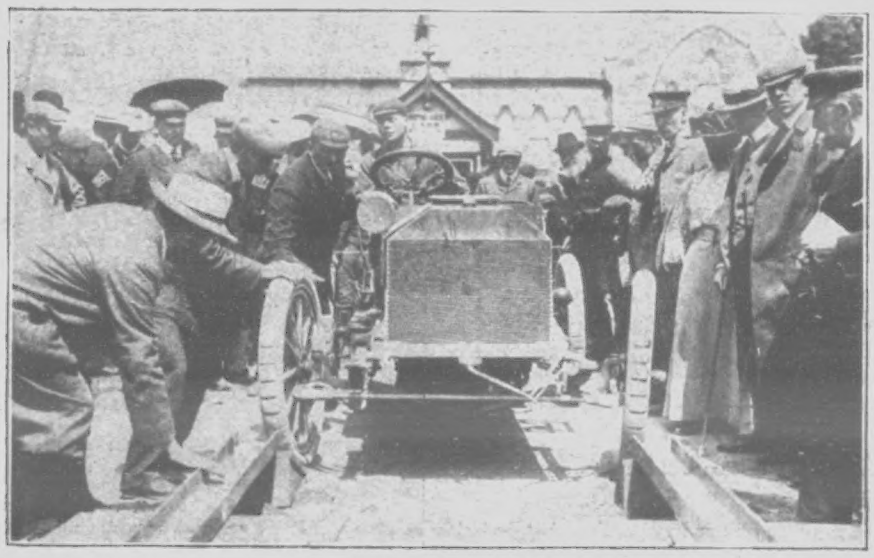
CHEVALIER DE KNYFF (FRANCE), WHO FINISHED SECOND.



M. FARMAN (FRANCE), WHO FINISHED THIRD JUST READY TO START.



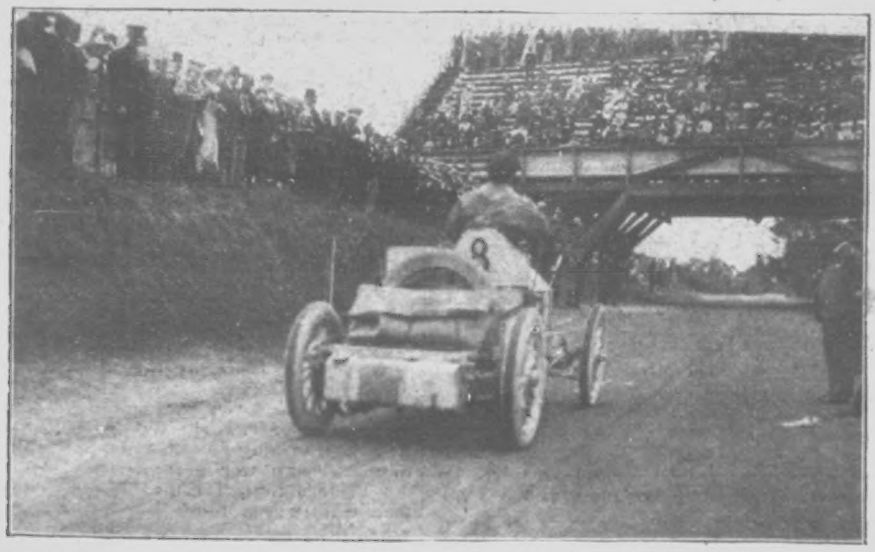
MR. FOXHALL KEENE (GERMANY) ON HIS MERCÉDÈS CAR.



MR. JARROTT (ENGLAND), WITH NAPIER CAR, BEING WEIGHED.

CHEVALIER DE KNYFF'S FIRST ROUND.

Along the Road Winton is Seen Repairing his Car.



BARON DE CATERS (GERMANY) APPROACHING THE GRAND STAND OF THE AUTOMOBILE CLUB.

The Baron Shouted as he Passed that Jarrott was not so Seriously Hurt as was at First Reported.

JENATZY (GERMANY) CATCHING OWEN (AMERICA).

Jenatzy, who Won, Declared Afterwards that this was the Most Exciting Moment in the Race to Him.

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BY

HENRY T. JOHNSON.

AUTHOR OF "FOUND GUILTY," "BIRDS OF PREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A FEELING of resentment rankled in Miss Tavener's mind with regard to Joy Melrose. For one thing, Joy had failed to be duly impressed with Miss Tavener's glory; secondly, she had refrained carefully, it seemed almost studiously, from any invitation to call upon her; furthermore, had either forgotten to give Lizzie her address or remembered not to do so. Therefore Lizzie knew no rest until she had obtained that address, and when next repairing in all her glory to visit and dazzle the former companions of her toil in Hoxton. Not all her glory, however, had the effect of dazzling Mrs. Dewsnap, nor had the old lady proved easily amenable to Lizzie's cross-questioning.

"Still hard at work, Mrs. Dewsnap? Oh dear me! that's all there is to be got out of Hoxton, work and sleep, sleep and work."

"Well," said Mrs. Dewsnap, "those who work best sleep best."

"And how's Joy?"

"She's quite well, thank you. You don't mind my getting on with my ironing? Ben will be getting up at three o'clock, and I'll have to be seeing to the dinner."

"Oh! don't mind me!" said Lizzie; "though I don't have to work myself, except in the profession." (Miss Tavener nightly spoke the following half-a-dozen words, and no more: "Oh, Princess, such a ripping chappie said he 'd give me a kiss if I gave you a billet-doux. I screamed, 'Billy don't!' But here it is.") "I suppose Joy's still living in the same place? Let 's see, what does she call it?"

"Why, Penshurst," Aunt Becky answered; then could have bitten her tongue, suspecting that Lizzie's question had been a feeler.

"Oh yes, Penshurst. And how is—what 's the gentleman's name?"

"The same as hers," replied Aunt Becky.

And Miss Tavener smiled. "Of course"—adding: "I must go and see her; she 's asked me lots of times."

"Why, when did you see her?"

"Oh, I 've met her once or twice, shopping," said Lizzie vaguely. "And Mr. Fairfax—isn't that his name?—is he still travelling?"

"Yes," said the old woman, with a vicious thump of the flat-iron on an unoffending wrist-band. "He 's minding his own business."

"I 'll write down the name of the house, in case I forget it again," said Lizzie, producing a gold pencil-case and a gold-bound ivory set of tablets. "Yes, let me see; how do you spell the road?"

"The usual way," said Aunt Becky.

"Thank you," said Lizzie caustically. "Why, here 's Uncle Ben. How are you, Mr. Dewsnap? I am so glad to see you; you 're looking as well as ever; only I declare you seem years younger. Now you can settle a question between me and Aunt Becky. How do you spell the name of the road Joy lives in?"

"Road? They don't call it a road, they call it a drive—Princes Drive, Pevensey Park!" Uncle Ben blurted out; and Aunt Becky brought down the flat-iron on his shirt-front as viciously as though he had been wearing it.

"Thanks so much," said Lizzie. "And now Mrs. Dewsnap has got to get on with her ironing and your dinner to see to; and I must be going, because I 've so many calls to make now I 'm in the neighbourhood, and I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings by letting them think that in my new station I forget old friends."

"Shall you call on Joe Margles?" asked Aunt Becky viciously; and Miss Tavener, her pretty nose and chin in the air, replied icily: "No, Mrs. Dewsnap, it isn't etiquette for ladies to make calls on working-men. Good afternoon!" And she swept out, leaving a fragrance of ylang-ylang in the room and a caldron of wrath in Mrs. Dewsnap's bosom, and departing thence to complete her round of visits, timing her departure so that her carriage rolled by the factory just as her quondam workmates were streaming out at tea-time.

This was the very day prior to Aunt Becky's journey to Pevensey Park; indeed, perhaps Miss Tavener's visit in great measure prompted Mrs. Dewsnap's; and a day or two later Lizzie herself drove to Penshurst, to find the windows destitute of blind or curtain, and in its front garden a "flag" announcing that that desirable villa residence with every modern convenience was to let.

Pevensey Park was still on the look-out; its agitation over the Fairfax affair still acute, its nine days' wonder not yet exhausted. Such emotion had never thrilled it since that awful time when the Robinsons exposed in the windows of Blenheim a card inscribed "Furnished Apartments," and the Lawton girls at Malwood openly went out to business.

And the Misses Pinkley, Mrs. Cholmondely Hawkins, and other lady residents in the vicinity, scanning from between their venetians Miss Tavener's victoria, her picture-hat, her sealskin coat, her earrings, her bracelets, and the face daubed with unnecessary powder, interchanged sundry emphatic remarks concerning birds of a feather flocking together, and people being known by the company they kept, breathing many sighs of relief that Pevensey Park was rid of such a person.

"Brokers in! Sold up! Husband left her—oh, my!" exclaimed Miss Tavener in sincere consternation.

"Supposed to be her husband," said the slatternly old caretaker with a sniff; and Miss Tavener nodded significantly. She was genuinely sorry to learn of Joy's sordid troubles, the brokers, and all that; sorry, too, with a vague feeling of foreboding, to learn that she had been deserted. Only, as to the other matter, there was a kind of comforting thought—that consoling reflection of not being alone that we mortals cling to when the situations or the circumstances are not quite all that we would have them.

"Poor girl!" she sighed, leaning back in her victoria. "She always was so simple. But then, what else could she have expected? And yet, somehow, I think she did expect something different. Anyway, I never thought he 'd turn out so bad as that; as far as goodness goes with men, I fancied he was better than mine."

"By Jove! that 's a fine girl!" Mr. Kettlewell exclaimed, pausing with Egerton Jones at the gate of Chatsworth. "Gad! see how she looked at me!"

"I thought it was me she looked at," replied Egerton Jones; "but she certainly is a rippin' fine girl. I can't think where I 've seen her."

"Oh, it 's me she was looking at, right bang in the eyes; there 's no doubt about that."

"None in the least," a too familiar voice behind him remarked; "and if as the father of a family and a man old enough to know better you had any sense of decency, you 'd have turned your hoary head when the creature leered at you."

"My dear, my dear!" stammered Mr. Kettlewell, "I assure you you misunderstood me; I was asking Mr.—Jo—Egerton Jones who the lady was who looked so hard at him."

"I 've not the least doubt," said Mrs. Kettlewell, in a voice cold and hard as marble, "and I have no doubt that person is equally a lady with the other creature I have heard you speak of in admiring terms, the lady who has left Penshurst no doubt to join her absconding—ahem—husband, or someone else. But though your own family are doubtless a minor consideration, allow me to inform you that the children are waiting for their luncheon, which is getting cold," and while Mr. Kettlewell entered Chatsworth with all the dignity possible under the circumstances, Mr. Egerton Jones indulged in a long, low whistle.

"Gone, eh? Slipped me after all. What a thundering nuisance! I suppose that old cat 's right, and she is no more Mrs. Fairfax than she 's the Empress of China, and yet I 'm certain that she 's not the same sort as the girl I caught old Kettlewell ogling."

So much was apparent even to his paltry, debased intelligence; but that intelligence could not conceive that Viscount Laleham had married the girl he had installed in that cheap villa in that cheap neighbourhood; the girl from whom he had concealed so carefully his rank, even his proper style and title; the girl sprung from the stock of the humble and agitated old working woman, who had herself demonstrated how entirely she and the girl were in the dark as to Lord Laleham. As to Laleham, Egerton Jones reflected, all the world was in the dark, except himself. Never had he struggled against a temptation so strong as the desire to proclaim aloud from the housetops of Pevensey Park the sensational little human drama that had been enacted in its midst; but for the then present he refrained from so doing, having regard to the more tangible advantages the situation seemed to promise him.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TWO days later, therefore, Miss Tavener once again caused a flutter in the squalid streets of her former quarter in a larger picture hat, another and a daintier confection, even more jewels flashing on the wrists of her daintily gloved hands and at her throat.

Mrs. Dewsnap sat in the little parlour of the little shop, making up a wreath to the order of one of her best customers, while Ben, his dinner just finished and cleared away, puffed at his pipe in contemplative mood. Of late it had been his habit to rise earlier in the afternoon—thus, though only to a small extent, shortening Becky's hours of loneliness. Busily as Mrs. Dewsnap plied her fingers, her progress failed to satisfy her, and time and again, in answer to Ben's inquiries, prompted by her pursed and wrinkled brows, she exclaimed: "Drat the things! I don't seem to be able to get on at all to-day."

"It 's slower workin' alone," said Uncle Ben sympathetically. "You and the girl used to do twice as much as you do now, Becky."

"Nothing surprising in that," answered Becky. "Old eyes and old fingers ain't to be expected to keep up with young 'uns. Besides, I ain't got the heart for the work; don't take the pleasure in it, whether it 's a wreath for a funeral or a nosegay for a wedding; and I never was so clever as Joy with either blossom or foliage. Bless the girl! She never designed them twice alike, and she 'd plan it all in a moment. Why, she 'd make prettier designs with autumn leaves than any other girl I ever knowed with spring or summer flowers."

"Her wreaths were enough to reconcile people to getting buried," said the old man thoughtfully; "they wasn't all pale arum-lilies that was cold to the touch and the look; Joy used to drop in a little sprig of something that gave a touch of colour to it and seemed to whisper hope even at such times as those. I wonder—I wonder——"

"I know what you 're wondering, old man; I wonder too. Ah! if she 'd only been content to bide here, twining flowers for other folks' wedding, instead of trouble for herself."

"There 's times I can't believe that young man was such a rogue," said Ben, brooding over his pipe—"times that I can't think he could have behaved dishonourable to her, the infernal villain, if he did."

"That 's your obstinate nature," said Mrs. Dewsnap. "What call would his own employers

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MANY HUMOROUS DRAWINGS BY CELEBRATED ARTISTS.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

have to run him down if it weren't true? Not as I altogether liked that young chap's manner."

"I'll go myself and make inquiries one of these days," said Ben; and Becky, resenting the implication that she had left undone aught that could be done, snapped out: "And be told to go about your business and not interrupt them with questions about a vagabond they'd be only too glad to find. Oh, drat that wench! here she is again!"

Startled by this uncomplimentary remark, Uncle Ben followed the direction of Becky's gaze just as Miss Tavener, having descended from her carriage, entered the little flower-shop in a blaze of glory, her picture-hat obscuring the little patch of sky visible from the windows.

"How do you do, Uncle Ben?" she said effusively. "Here I am again! Ah, Mrs. Dewsnap, any news of Joy?"

"No, nor Joe either," said that lady, savagely twisting a refractory chrysanthemum into shape.

Lizzie flushed scarlet with sudden wrath. So the old woman meant war. Very well, then, she should have it to the knife.

"I wasn't aware," she said in a cutting voice, "that I asked for any news about Joe, as you call him; meaning, I suppose, the young man Margles. No, Mrs. Dewsnap, it's poor Joy I am anxious about, who was my friend and companion, which prosperity and the rise of station would never cause me to forget those I left behind in humbler spheres."

"Well, I've no news to give you about her," said Mrs. Dewsnap, white as the flowers she twined, and her voice trembling like the hands that held them; "and as for your leaving her behind you, I wish you'd always done the same, gaddin' off to your dances and such-like, fillin' young girls' heads with ideas above their station."

"Above her station perhaps, but under mine, if you please, Mrs. Dewsnap, which you'll kindly remember that though a girl in humble circumstances once, bygones is bygones. But it wasn't that I came to talk about, but to ask whatever has become of poor dear Joy," and Miss Tavener, conscious of having lapsed from her later grander manner into an earlier one, went on with extra dignity. "I drove to call upon her yesterday and found she had gone; the place was empty and to let, and from what I heard from the neighbours there I came on here to see if I could help my friend, and I don't see there's any harm in that."

"Suttenly not!" said Uncle Ben, with a significant look and deprecatory wave of the hand in his wife's direction; "you mustn't mind the missus, Lizzie; she don't mean no harm, only both she and me is worried out of our minds almost about the girl, knowin' what you know and finding no trace of her."

"Is it so bad as that? I'm sorry," Lizzie said in all sincerity; "but what's become of Mr. Fairfax?"

"Don't talk about him, please," the old man said: "he's a villain, a scoundrel, and, old man as I am, and young and strong as he is, if I meet him face to face I'll grip him by the throat, and he shan't shake me off till he's accounted to me for his treatment of our girl."

So that, thanks more to Uncle Ben than to Aunt Becky, Miss Tavener drove away that afternoon practically as fully informed as were the old people as to Joy's fate and whereabouts.

"Poor, poor girl!" she mused: "she always was so simple. There's one thing to be thankful for—my fellow is a real swell, with all the mystery there is about him. A commercial traveller wouldn't be class enough for me. No! not even if he was what she pretended he was—her husband. Who would have thought he'd have been so deep and she'd have been so silly!"

"Hi! hi! there!"

She started at the shout, primarily intended by her coachman for an individual who had blundered almost under the horses' hoofs, and who, looking up at the shouter, retorted with indignant inquiries as to whether he wanted the whole of the road or imagined people were going to get off the earth to oblige a blighted flunkey; and the pedestrian, stepping on to the pavement, turned a glance intended to be withering upon the coachman, and, as the vehicle rattled by, transferred it to its occupant. And then their eyes met: hers set in a vacant gaze, her face hard, cold, and perhaps a trifle triumphant; his lowering and dark. Without a word he turned and watched her out of sight, riding in her carriage, more bewilderingly beautiful, it seemed to him, in the richness, daintiness, and luxury of her attire. She was gone; his world, his life, his lot, it seemed darker than ever desperately darker. Why had she come there to mock him, with her flunkey to shout at him, then herself to crush him with that cold, hard, ignoring gaze, crueller in its contempt than any epithet? How long, how far was he to endure the anguish of her scorn, and when was his turn to come?

That night Miss Tavener was great, excelling herself in vivacity and sparkle. All had gone well with her, and perhaps the news of the misfortunes of her associates of other days by contrast accentuated in her view the blaze of her own glory.

The show over, Dermot and she once again sat *tête-à-tête* at supper *en route* to the Covent Garden ball. So far, Dermot had carefully withheld from Miss Tavener all particulars as to his own position and connections. Matters of late had gone very well with him and Mr Higlin in the City; their latest bantling, the Co-operative Vintners' Supply Syndicate, Limited, had displayed phenomenal precocity in auriferous incubation, and Dermot had been somewhat lavish in the matter of supplies and presents, so that Lizzie's curiosity had remained comparatively dormant. Circumstances had of late withheld him from the about-town swim, and no embarrassing recognition had taken place. Nevertheless, he was debating with himself whether to acquaint Miss Tavener with his real position or leave her in the chapter of accidents to discover it, reflecting that, after all, he was not the only man in London living two lives, that, in fact, the expectant head of his house had afforded him a precedent.

Lizzie was in effervescent mood.

"I'm getting on rippin'," she said, between puffs of a scented cigarette. "I wish I had more lines; the few I have go so well. I'm sure if you came oftener to the show and put in a word for me they'd give me a bit more business, and perhaps a small part in the next piece. And I do get such invitations out. Lord Deepdale, of the Guards, wants to take me to Brighton in his motor; but I declined."

"Didn't think it good enough, eh? Just like his thundering cheek!"

"Why, do you know him?"

"Oh yes," said Dermot with a tightening of the lips.

"He doesn't know you. I was mentioning our last motor run, and that you were my—particular friend, and he didn't seem to know you by name."

"How kind of you; particularly when I've impressed upon you that I don't want my affairs or my name brought up in your chatter with other people."

"Oh, dear!" said Miss Tavener, "how particular we are. I say, I wonder a real swell like you having been so chummy with that fellow you used to call Fairfax."

"And pray why?" said Dermot, suddenly evincing a shade of curiosity, albeit languid.

"Why, he's an out-and-out bad lot. I've been down to my old quarter once or twice lately, and I've learnt a lot about him. He's treated that poor girl, Joy Melrose, shamefully."

"How's that?"

"What, don't you know? Well, in the first place, I never could understand how a mere commercial traveller could keep the pace with a rapid swim like yours, till I found out the other day the games he's been up to."

"What has he been doing?"

"He's absconded with his firm's money—they're wine-merchants in Piccadilly," said Miss Taverner with gusto, "and he's deserted that poor girl, whether or not she's his wife; there's no telling for certain—she pretended to think she was. He ran away and left her, the brokers came and stripped the place, and she's gone—goodness knows where, poor thing! And she was such a good girl—lots better than I am," and for a moment Miss Tavener's eyes softened, and the rings she contemplated sparkled in a suffused blur.

"Where is she now?" asked Dermot.

"Nobody seems to know," Miss Tavener replied, "any more than where he is. When did you see him last?"

"Months and months ago," replied Dermot coolly; "I didn't know him very well. As you say, he wasn't quite my class, and, as a matter of fact, the very night I first met you we had a bit of a row and practically told each other to go to the deuce."

"He seemed a very gentlemanly sort of fellow," said Lizzie, "and no doubt Joy was infatuated with him. I never thought he'd have turned out such a scamp as he is.'

"It's like that with a lot of men," said Dermot. "Come along, slip on your domino; my cab's waiting." And twenty minutes later, leaning on the arm of her handsome cavalier, Miss Tavener was threading the mazes of the glittering throng amid the hubbub of laughter, music, the bang of champagne-corks, and the merry hum of chatter, wishing that all Hoxton were there to see.

Julius Cæsar, the Lord High Chancellor, Cleopatra, arm-in-arm with Dick Turpin, fresh, or rather, redolent from a motor-car; several Bluebeards, and Fatimas in plentiful for all; cake-walkers, costers, fairies, faddists, heroes and heroines of history, romance, and song, with representatives of every topic of the age, from wireless telegraphy to the Black List, jostled each other with greetings and laughter. An individual attired in striped trousers and a blue coatee spangled with white stars, bearing a placard, "Trespassers will be prosecuted! Beware of spring guns!" was understood to represent the Munroe Doctrine; while a lady wearing, among a few other things, a rope of pearls with, for a pendant, a tiny knob of house-coal set in gold, was understood to pose as a Trust. Dermot's ear caught a familiar nasal tone, and turning his head, he met the keen gaze of Richard Elsmore leaning against the buffet behind the bandstand discussing a friendly champagne cocktail with a financial magnate whom he had earlier in the day jockeyed in a competition for the control of an English railway system. And of a sudden a pair of bright eyes from above a yashmâk, catching sight of Dermot's face, dilated strangely.

"It is he," a voice within the veil murmured; "and his companion! Oh, the traitor! He cannot be loyal even to me!" and like a shadow the dominoed lady with the yashmâk followed them, hovering so near that scarce a word said between or to them escaped her.

Just at that moment there was a check in the flow of the rainbow-coloured human tide, and the Timber King returned the recognition with a nod.

"Fancy you finding time to frivol!" said Dermot in an undertone; and the other answered, "Why not? It's the busiest man finds most time, and the man who never hustles who's got none to spare. Folks who work heavy play light; it's the wastrels who've been asleep all day who want to fill up playtime with social problems. Say! how's things at Glyndon?"

"Don't be silly!" said Dermot, too indolent and preoccupied just then for a tiff. Then to a waiter, "Heidsieck!" And, ushering Miss Tavener towards a table in the shadow of a branching palm, he seated himself beside her.

And the lady of the yashmâk hovered, apparently quite casually, nearer, till at last she stood close behind them, seemingly absorbed in contemplation of the scene.

Miss Tavener was mollified. She loved champagne; loved it for its bang, its instantaneous smoke, its foaming, hissing effervescence, its golden, beady sparkle, its bouquet, and its exhilaration, but most of all for its associations. It was so expensive; champagne-bottles and champagne-glasses looked so "goey"; she liked drinking it, but she loved being seen drinking it. Dry or sweet, I doubt if Lizzie cared; it was the gold lac that took her fancy.

Young Lord Deepdene, passing, nodded somewhat distantly to Dermot, lifting his hat cheerfully to his companion, whose eyes danced responsively over the brim of her glass.

"Cheek!" growled Dermot, with a sharp, suspicious glance from one to the other.

"What a temper you're in!" the girl protested. "What's the matter?" He made an effort to laugh away the question, but she continued, "You've been cross all the evening; I think you're awfully unkind."

"I'm bothered—worried, that's all," he said carelessly.

"I don't think it is," said Lizzie. "I'll tell you what I think it is; I don't believe you care for me a bit."

All of a sudden her manner had lost all its assertive vivacity; her tone, her eyes, the tremor of her lips bespoke that which for a moment filled her heart: the vague fear of losing him, the dread wonder what would life have left for her if she lost him for whom she had foregone so much; for, like a female Faust, her heart trembled at times at the very thought of losing touch of this irresistible Mephistopheles who wrought such spells and brought such gifts—spendthrifts, of whatever sex, never count the cost.

"There," she said, after a pause, "you can't deny it. You don't care for me a bit now; I don't believe you ever did, for all you told me."

"Tut, tut!" he said soothingly, noting the cheeks flushing scarlet, the eyes sparkling brighter, and recognising the possibility of imminent hysteria. "Don't be absurd!"

"That's like a man. It's either, 'I love you best in all the world, and that's all in the world that matters,' or else it's, 'Tut, tut! don't be absurd, don't ask questions, don't ask if there's ever such a little love left!' Do you remember what you told me once: that there was no one in the world like me—do you remember?"

"Yes, yes," he said soothingly. "Of course, of course."

"Did you mean it then, dear? I think you did. I could have staked my life you did, or else——"

"Of course I did."

"But you couldn't say it now and mean it, could you—could you, Dermot dear?"

"Oh, yes, yes," he said, partly to pacify her and avoid the possibility of a scene, and partly by reason of the contagion of the passion glistening in her liquid eyes and flowering scarlet in her ripe red lips, "I love you just as much as ever."

It was so easy to say, and really so delicately qualified. But she believed it—it sufficed for her.

And it sufficed, too, for the lady of the yashmâk, who, fixing on him, unseen, one long and steadfast glance of her dilated eyes, glided noiselessly away and vanished in the brilliant, eddying throng, her mind made up.

(To be continued.)

Photo. Bullock.

IN THE GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON: THE NEW AMERICAN STAMP-CANCELLING MACHINES AT WORK.

BY ONE OF THESE MACHINES STAMPS ARE AUTOMATICALLY CANCELLED AT THE RATE OF 30,000 AN HOUR.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS—No. XLIX.: MR. J. MACKENZIE ROGAN.—SEE THIS WEEK'S "SKETCH."

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

"THE best summer sales for years," so say all who have read the catalogues and inspected the goods at the various shops. I can endorse the statement from the private views which I have had. There seems to me to be fewer than usual of those goods made up for the occasion which we see at sale time. Any maid or matron who desires to be possessed of a charming bathing costume of the newest cut and trimming will go at once to Messrs. Woolland, and make a selection from the fine stock on sale at their establishment. The favourite material this year seems to be bunting, the stuff that flags are made of. It has been found that this material is the very best for bathing in. It does not cling to the body as serge does, neither does it hold the water. It is, as most of us know, rather harsh in texture, but very light in weight, and it wears extremely well. It is inexpensive, too, the costumes being only 14s. 9d. The

Shape of the Bathing Dresses

is very comfortable this year; the sleeves are specially so, as they are not banded in at the wrist. Quaint little bathing bonnets are sold with these costumes. Some girls wear them at the back of the head; others over the nose to keep off freckles! Waterproof lined bags are provided also at Woolland's, in which the wet bathing-dress can be carried. Waterproof bathing-caps, which cover entirely both head and hair, are on sale. These set closely on the head, and in order to make them more picturesque, ladies tie brightly coloured silk handkerchiefs round them, which are very effective and becoming. Bathing-suits for children are very pretty and comfortable this season, and the sale in them, and in the grown-up costumes, is simply enormous.

Every woman who loves pretty things should pay a visit to Liberty's, were it only to see the pretty things that are on sale there. Even if we cannot buy all that we should like, it is a pleasure to see such lovely materials massed together. A good place to go to for summer hats for garden-parties, the river, or the seaside is Mrs. Asser's, in the Burlington Arcade. She has a great variety of very pretty headgear.

The heat which has followed the great rains is very trying, and we are all, or let me say those of us who must perforce work in London are, panting for a breath of cooler air. You people in the country who have trees about you do not know what we Londoners go through in such weather as we are having now

Dresses for Henley

this year are very much what dresses for Henley have been for years past. Linen has, however, greatly taken the place of serge and cotton. It is, of course, much cooler than either, and very pretty in cool greys and blues. Girls look very well indeed in a soft grey or grey-blue linen skirt with a cream or white silk slip or a more elaborate blouse-bodice. Of course, a good many serge costumes were prepared, for many women prefer serge to any other material for water-parties, and a great number make their Henley serge do duty later at Cowes.

What a noble work Lady Hope has been doing for the man-servant who has to spend the greater part of every night, wet or dry, upon the driving-seat of his master's carriage, whilst the footman stands for hours on the pavement lest he should miss the call for the carriage when it comes! In the first place, she has instituted

A "Home Club,"

where men-servants can spend any small amount of leisure that they have. From the moment that a man-servant joins this club, he finds an open door ready always to welcome him; he can write letters, he has the run of a small library in the reading-room, and there is a recreation-room in which he can amuse himself without gambling. In connection with this club Lady Hope has instituted two large coffee-vans, which go round the streets and squares of the West-End every night in order to supply the servants who wait with the carriages with tea or coffee, bread and butter, and cake. Tickets are given by the butler of the house in which the ball or reception is held, to the coachmen and grooms belonging to each carriage as it arrives. The address of the Home Club is 37, Upper Berkeley Street, W., and Lady Hope's address is 7, Connaught Place, W.

"Have you heard," writes a correspondent, "that you can

Tell a Man's Character

by the way he sharpens or points his pencil?" No, I have not heard that it is possible to do so; but such extraordinary discoveries are made every day that it is not well to laugh at or to deny anything, no matter how strange it may be. My correspondent goes on to tell me that she has read all about it in a magazine. Here are some of the characteristics of pencil-sharpening whereby character may be known: "The man who holds the pencil away from him and cuts away rather recklessly, in order to make a point on it, is, we may be sure, an impulsive fellow, and very good-natured and generous. The man who makes a blunt point is rather dull and very plodding over his work, very good-hearted and kindly. The man who holds the point towards him, and even close up against him as he cuts, is slow and cautious, and prone to keep his own counsel in everything. The man who cuts his pencil with a smooth and even point all round, never breaking the point and having to begin all over again, is very methodical, precise, and painstaking. He means what he says, and says what he means; an honourable and high-principled man, but just a little priggish. But the man who leaves the wood all jagged and untidy-looking has a testy temper, and is very easily roused to anger." If there is truth in the above, and it is possible that there may be, a girl should

Give Her Lover a Pencil to Sharpen

for her before she says "Yes," and then if she does not like the lover's mode of working at it, she can say "No."

A correspondent writes to say that she has been reading an article called "Comfortable Wives," which she says has been a great help and comfort to her. She has sent me some extracts from the article, and she wants to know what I think of them. I reply that I think them first-rate, and full of common-sense advice—or, rather, uncommon sense. One has to do with a common failing of mistresses of households—namely, the arbitrary upsetting of the whole household for the spring clean. "Inopportune and ruthless," the writer of the article calls it. It is both. The "comfortable wife" would have one room unostentatiously cleaned, but not too early in the year. The uncomfortable wife cleans all at once, and early in the year, and she then puts out the fires in the sitting-rooms; and, no matter how cold the weather, she will not have them relighted, because the chimneys have been swept. There are many other little things which make for comfort in a house; among them are the "regular winding up of clocks," so that the right time can be known by everyone, and a box of matches on every mantelshelf; but, allow me to add, not within reach of children, for whom matches have a resistless fascination. A "comfortable wife," we are told, should not expect "superhuman patience" in her husband. She does not possess the virtue herself; why demand it in him? Also, the C. W. does not ask too many questions. This is quite right. Why should a man, merely because he is a husband, be pumped unmercifully about what he has said and done all day long? If a man knows that

His Wife is Really Interested

in his doings he will confide in her fast enough; if he suspects idle curiosity, he will not speak. I thank my correspondent for having sent these interesting extracts.

"How am I prevent my cook from over-roasting and over-boiling meat and poultry?" writes "A Vexed Housewife." I know of no good remedy except getting rid of her and getting another, who may possibly send up the meat and poultry very much underdone. The cook in question cannot regulate properly the heat of her roasting-oven; and she boils over too strong a fire. The roasted meat should be basted properly too, or all the goodness will be roasted out of it, and spoiled. My correspondent is fortunate if all the members of her household are agreed in not liking over-roasted and over-boiled meat; so often, some like one and some another.

The following little poem is well worth learning by heart. A friend cut it out of a magazine for me. It is called

"Courage."

Talk happiness! The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough.
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith! The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt;
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come.
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health! The dreary, never-ending tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, nor interest, nor please,
By harping on that minor chord—disease.
Say you are well, or, all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

MARGUERITE.

Photo. Biograph Co.

MISS PAULINE CHASE AS VIOLETTE IN "THE SCHOOLGIRL."

Photo. Lafayette-Charles.

MISS ELLIS JEFFREYS,

WHO IS PLAYING IN "COUSIN KATE" AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

FLIES and WASPS are easily destroyed by sprinkling KEATING'S POWDER on the window-ledges—the unrivalled secret for killing Fleas, Bugs, Beetles, also Nits in Children's Heads. Harmless to everything but insects. Tins, 3d., 6d., 1s. Filled Tin Bellows, 1s.—[ADVT.]

DOMESTIC TRAGEDY IN BIRMINGHAM

A house in Ludgate Hill, Birmingham, has been the scene of a terrible tragedy. The house was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Charles William Jones, their two children,

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

and an uncle of the former, also named Charles Jones. Arriving home about midnight, the younger man was informed by his wife that Charles Jones had given her cause for complaint, in consequence of which she had retired to her room, taking with her their eldest boy, a lad of eight. The husband went downstairs to ask his uncle for an explanation, when a violent altercation ensued, followed by the sound of a blow and a heavy fall. Hastily slipping on her clothes, Mrs. Jones ran down, to find her husband kneeling beside the prostrate form of his uncle and endeavouring to revive him by bathing his forehead with water. In this he was unsuccessful, and he then directed his wife to go for Dr. Newton. In her absence the elder man expired, being found dead on the arrival of the doctor, while the husband could be heard moving in the room overhead. Running upstairs, the wife was horrified to find her husband with his throat cut; and in an agony of grief quitted the house, Dr. Newton, fearing some rash action, restrained the frantic woman until he could rouse the neighbours, when he at once attended to the injured husband, and on the arrival of the police had him conveyed to the General Hospital.

THE RACING WORLD.

THIS week lovers of racing generally take their pleasure in slow time, remembering the days when the Stockbridge Meeting was quite a holiday country outing, and folk who went down to Hampshire to attend the Danebury fixture did so as much for the ruralising as the racing's sake. Since the Bibury Club—whose locale was, in its early history, down in Gloucestershire, if I recollect rightly—moved from Tom Cannon's beautiful quarters three or four miles out of Stockbridge, things have not gone altogether flourishing with it. A great part of its outside *clientèle* did not take kindly to the new venue, so public patronage for the bookmakers fell off. In porportion to its dwindling, so did the bookies offer less attractive odds, and the punting fraternity, never very fond of gentlemen-riders' races, marked the place out altogether.

Considerable effort is being made to rebuild the establishment, which, I fear, can never be so well off as in its recent quarters, notwithstanding its friends' hard work. Fine strong, influential friends they are who seek to put the New Stockbridge, as it is called, upon its former platform, and they *can* do much. But to make meetings go with life and strength you *must* get the B.P. on your side, and when once they drop a show it takes a long, long while to coax them back to it.

The chance of mending matters certainly offered this week, if you might judge by the success attending Newmarket First July, which on paper did hold out much attraction to the general public, seeing that so many good things appeared to be staring one in the face. Still, the King was to do—and did—the fixture, and there was the Princess of Wales's Stakes. No one could say much of that as a race so far as Newmarket is concerned. But it worked out splendidly in several ways to benefit later affairs.

As soon as the judges saw Mr. John Gubbins's Derby winner of 1902 in the paddock or walking among the trees of the plantation which fringes the Cambridge side of the Ditch racecourse, they began to speculate on what he—meaning Ard Patrick—might or might not do in the Eclipse Stakes, and lament that the foreigners held a sort of claim on him. Really the latter was quite a mistaken idea, though one well invented and advertised for some purpose or other. You were told by those professing to be in the know that Count Lehndorff—a remarkably fine judge, let me mention—had an option or refusal, or something of that sort, on the horse, under which, if he won this ten-thousand-pounder, the German sportsman could close a bargain at about £20,000.

At first sight you didn't quite see where the turn to the seller came in on this foundation. Still, you were to take the story as told you or leave it. He won easily, thanks to being in splendid fettle and not having anything to beat. Never has the big Irishman shown to greater advantage in the paddock or when galloping. Cantering, he went in rather lumbering fashion, but once in his stride it was a case, for looks, action, and performance, of Ard Patrick first and the rest nowhere.

As I said, quidnuncs began to speculate, before this race, what would be his chances in later engagements. After it, more interest was shown in the Sandown Park Eclipse Stakes than has been evinced in any other event this year at a like distance from the date for its decision. A rare triangular duel we are promised with the three-year-old Rock Sand, Sceptre, and Ard Patrick in opposition.

Let us hope that all three may come to the post in first-rate fighting trim. Never for years and years has there been finer material for difference of opinion and excitement. Very many 'cute judges of sport held last year that Sceptre was better than Ard Patrick, while not a few can be found to prefer this year's Derby winner to the pair or four-year-olds. Sceptre has always been a great pet of mine, and I believed her to be the pick of the 1902 crop at her age. I am quite sure that Rock Sand, who is certainly a very improving sort, may be written down as far above the average of Derby winners if he can vanquish the two great rivals of the previous season. Another opportunity will be afforded for making a final selection. At present I can say that though for the owners of both the others I hold friendly esteem, and I should be sorry to see them beaten, I shall trust to find Sceptre come out the best of the trio. Mind, she might prove to be so, and at that not win, but surely we shall not get such a mighty upheaval of form as must be brought about to beat the splendid trio mentioned.

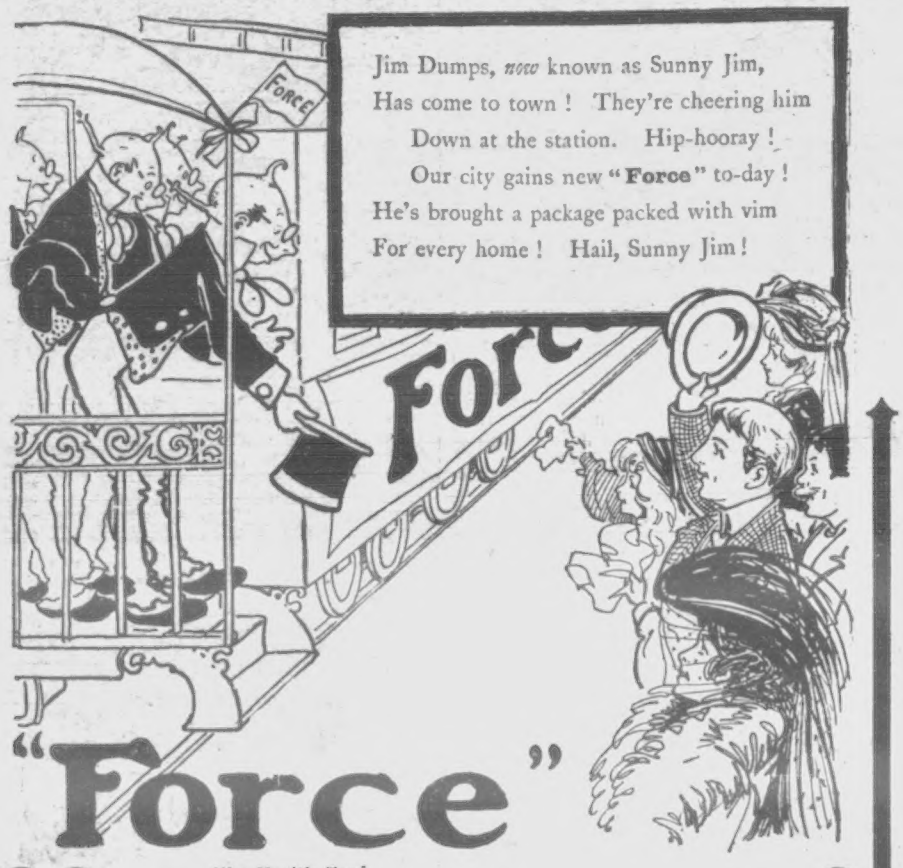
BENDIGO.

MR. GUBBINS' ARD PATRICK,

WINNER OF THE PRINCESS OF WALES'S STAKES (£10,000) AT NEWMARKET. COUNT LEHNDORFF OFFERED 20,000 GS. FOR THIS HORSE, WHICH WAS, HOWEVER, DECLINED.

The Manchester Wheelers' Club organised a walking race between Lancashire and the Rest of England, the course selected being from Manchester to Blackpool, a distance of 51½ miles. Nearly all the cracks entered, and naturally the "Rest" had much the better of the argument. The two stars were, of course, J. Butler, champion, and W. J. Sturgess, ex-champion, and for a time the struggle between them was most exciting. Soon after passing Yarrow Bridge, however, Sturgess complained of Butler's style, but after a little squabble he was persuaded to continue. In the end Butler won in the fast time of 8 hours 19 min. 50 sec., J. W. Bennett being second in 8 hours 49 min. 13 sec. Sturgess came in third, but was disqualified on account of "lifting."

The Stock Exchange led the way in waking up walking, which is now a craze. Perhaps the cycling match between the two S. E. young men, B. Nicholson and G. O. Bramson, which took place at the Crystal Palace on Monday, will have the effect of many more of such matches. The distance was a mile, and Nicholson was the winner by a length and a half.



Jim Dumps, *now* known as Sunny Jim,
Has come to town! They're cheering him
Down at the station. Hip-hooray!
Our city gains new "**Force**" to-day!
He's brought a package packed with vim
For every home! Hail, Sunny Jim!

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For the hot days a food not heating to the blood but nourishing and refreshing is wanted. One of the best of these is a blanc-mange made with good Corn Flour and Milk.

The best is none too good for little stomachs, and there is none better or purer than

Brown & Polson's
"PATENT"
Corn Flour

TRY IT IN YOUR BATH.

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MARVELLOUS PREPARATION.

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
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Restores the Colour to Carpets.
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"No Better Food." Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., &c.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED

"Strongest and Best." —*Health.* Cocoa

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"THE LANCET."
"The materials are pure and wholesome, being obtained from selected Lemons. It possesses the pleasant aroma and acid taste of the fresh-cut lemon, and affords a refreshing and agreeable summer beverage."

5½d. per Bottle, sufficient to make 2 Gallons.

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FIRST ENGLISH FRUIT GROWERS' JAM FACTORY.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

MR. E. S. WILLARD is actively preparing for his campaign at the St. James's Theatre. As I have already stated, Mr. Willard opens with "The Cardinal." A new play by Mr. Stephen Phillips is promised, in which Miss Constance Collier will appear and M. Charles Fulton.

Messrs. Greet and Engelbach have surrendered their twenty-one years' lease of the Savoy to Mrs. D'Oyly Carte, who intends to spend eight thousand pounds in alterations and decorations. She declares that the Savoy shall be the most beautiful house in London. While these arrangements are in progress the Savoy Company will be seen at the Adelphi, probably in a new piece.

Next Saturday afternoon Mrs. Patrick Campbell will give a special performance of Mr. Pinero's finest play, "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," in which she plays so splendidly as the heroine, her acting being considered equal to that of Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

The Gaiety Company will appear in Dublin during the Royal visit.

The French performance of "The Belle of New York" was extremely funny. The New York City policeman was dressed like a London constable, and the check trousers worn by one of the characters were such a caricature of British costume as can only be seen in Paris The performance was amusing, though utterly unlike anything hitherto seen in New York or London.

On Monday, at the Hippodrome, a new sketch was produced, called "The Redskins," in which the Diving Horses of Hengler took part.

In consequence of the great demand for seats for the matinée in aid of the "Actors' Association" on July 14, the management at Drury Lane has specially reserved the whole of the balcony, and the seats are now on sale, numbered and reserved, at 7s. 6d. each. Nine rows of stalls have already been taken, and a very full house is anticipated.

The "Sapho" copyright case was heard in the Chancery Division on Saturday. Miss Olga Nethersole asked for an injunction to restrain the defendant from producing or performing her copyright version of the novel. Mr. Justice Farwell suggested that an expert should be called in, and Sir Squire Bancroft was proposed. The Judge said he could not come to a decision without reading the novel, which he thought objectionable.

The three hundredth representation of "Quality Street," at the Vaudeville, took place on Tuesday. The play continues to be as popular as ever.

The last two matinées of "Old Heidelberg," at the St. James's Theatre, are announced on Wednesday and Saturday in the present week. This charming play will be shortly withdrawn.

GENTLEMEN v. PLAYERS AT LORDS: "P.I.P." SPECIAL SKETCHES.

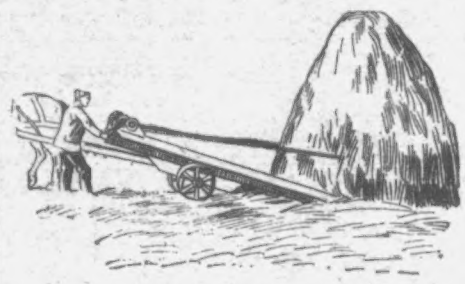
"P.I.P." Farmer and Gardener.

Parcels of Fruit.

THE Postal authorities give notice that during the summer and autumn many parcels containing strawberries, currants, raspberries, plums, and other kinds of soft fruit are sent by Parcel Post. The juice which leaks from such parcels when their contents are ill-packed causes serious damage to other goods conveyed along with them, and consequent loss to the department by way of compensation. Such cases were last year very frequent, and the rules upon the subject are to be more stringently enforced. Soft fruit cannot be sent by post without risk of damage to other parcels unless it is so packed that the juice cannot leak through the covering. One of the best ways of packing soft fruit (the notice states) is to use a box of wood or tin with a very tightly fitting lid, and a covering sufficiently thick to absorb any leakage from the fruit in transit. It is an offence to send by post any article or thing whatsoever which is likely to injure other postal packets in course of conveyance, and the Postmaster-General may be advised to take proceedings where great negligence in packing has been shown and serious damage has been done.

A Novel Hay-Carriage.

A very ingenious contrivance is that illustrated, by means of which a pike of hay is pulled on to the "bogie" by hand instead of by the use of horses. Public trials in the yard of the Royal Agricultural Society at Park Royal



A NOVEL HAY-CARRIAGE.

showed that a pike can be pulled on in a few minutes by a lad with the powerful gear at the side, which is very strong and light, the principal gear being made of cast malleable, a very tough metal. The "bogie" attracted a lot of attention at the Royal Show, and, being cheap, should be in better demand than is the case at present, once its utility becomes known. The Illustration shows the carriage tilted up and being prepared for its burden.

Care of Chickens.

Following up what has been already said as to the rearing of chickens, I may add that fresh young vegetables and other green stuff should be allowed without stint from the first if there is not a good grass plot, and even here early in the season and during a parching summer they should be supplied. Lettuce, endive, chicory, whitloof, dandelion, young nettles chopped and boiled, cabbage, onions, and almost any green product of the kitchen garden are suitable. At first it could be chopped small and given from a board, but afterwards it may be suspended from a string just a little above the heads of the chickens. Turnips and mangolds are also greatly relished. Let there be an abundance of grit, at first in the form of well-broken egg-shells or fine oyster-shell, and later road scrapings sifted over the floors of the runs, or finely broken flint and gravel in small trays. If the birds do not drink of milk, there should be a constant supply of fresh water placed out of the reach of rain, snow, and sun. In confined places, vessels should be provided for the food; but on unlimited range, after the first week, scatter the grain broadcast, choosing a fresh place for each meal.

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THE DRINK FOR THE MASSES

MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS
For Making HERB BEER.
THE BEST and MOST POPULAR of all
NON-ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.
Pleases the palate and quenches the thirst. As a summer drink it has no equal. Made exclusively from fresh-gathered Herbs. Its purity is proverbial.
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A 6d. Bottle makes 8 Gallons.
TRY IT. We will send you a sample Bottle post free on receipt of 9 Stamps. *Of all grocers.*
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Makes the Sweetest Bread, Cakes & Pastry.
The Best BAKING POWDER in the World

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Mention this Paper.
and WOMEN can obtain strength and vigour by the use of DR. PIERCE'S *ELECTRIC BELT* A Wonderful Restorative. The most Scientific Electrical Appliance ever made. *Drugs* do not cure. This Belt does. Send stamp, (any sort) for "BOOKLET No. 2." *Write to-day.*
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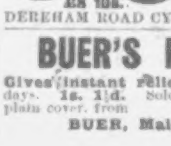

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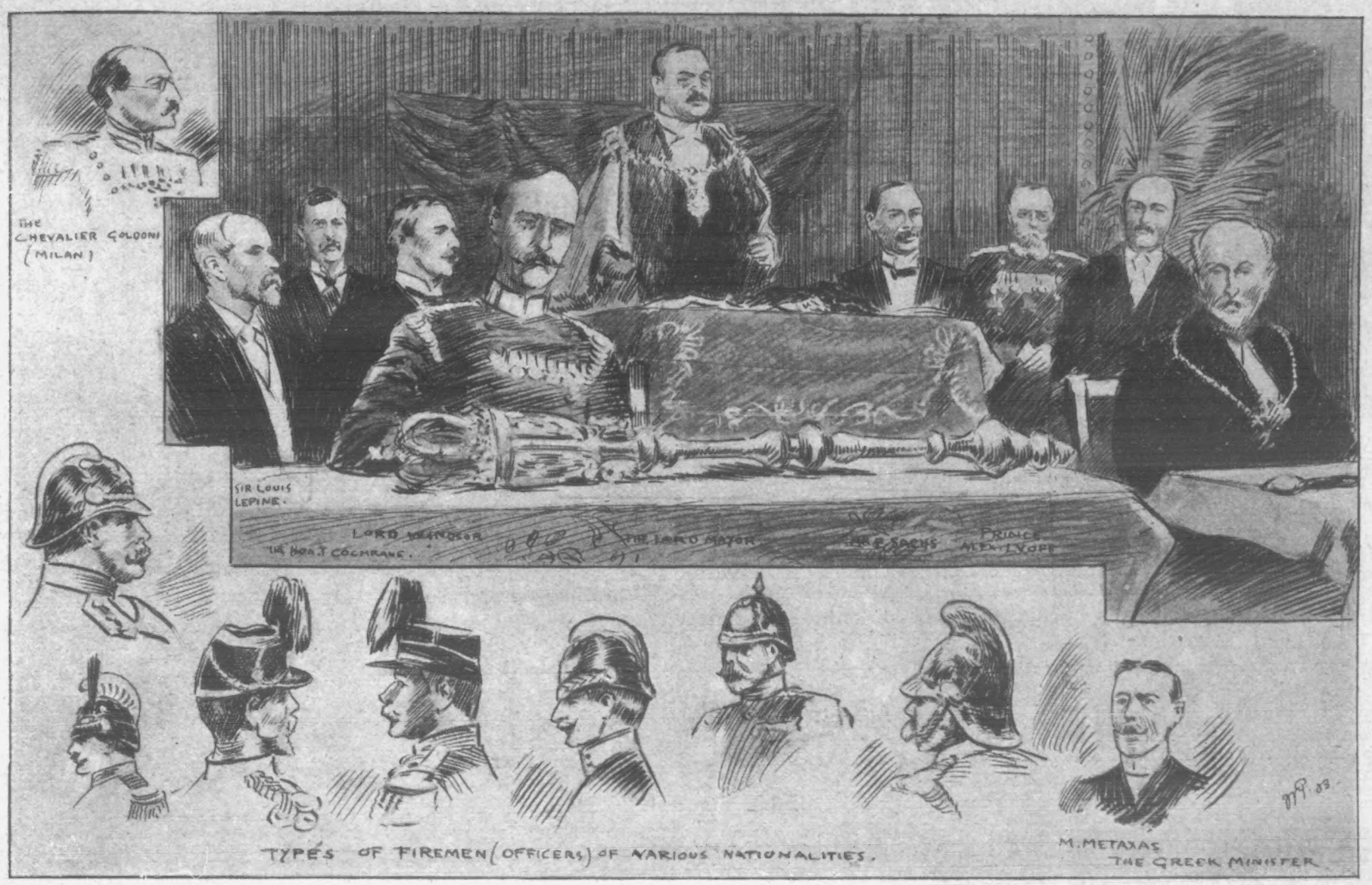

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